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ARLINGTON, MASS., MARCH 19, 1903.

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LADIES NIGHT.
ANOTHER PRETTY PARTY AT ARLINGTON
BOAT CLUB.

Tuesday night there was another pretty dancing party given by the Arlington Boat club in the hall of their comfortable club house on the shores of Spy Pond. Although not so largely attended as some of the previous "Ladies Nights," there were enough couples to just comfortably fill the floor. There were noticed more than the usual number of persons from out of town, many of the young people being conspicuous by their absence. Custer's orchestra of five pieces furnished a "bang up" program of the latest popular music and frappe was served during the evening.

The entertainment committee, Messrs. E. C. Mansfield, C. A. Carter, and E. L. Rankin who had the affair in charge were most attentive to all the guests throughout the evening, and saw that every one enjoyed themselves.

EX-JUDGE PARMENTER CELEBRATES HIS 87th BIRTHDAY.

Ex-Judge Wm. E. Parmenter quietly celebrated his 87th birthday at his home on Russell street, last Thursday, March 12. He has been a resident of Arlington for fifty years, is well known and highly respected, it being only a year ago that he retired from the bench. His has been a life of activity and although retaining all his faculties, time is beginning to tell on the once vigorous old man. Judge Parmenter was admitted to the bar in 1842 and practiced successfully for thirty years; after serving eleven years as associate justice of the municipal court, he was appointed chief justice by Governor B. F. Butler.

For thirty years he served on the school board of this town, acting as chairman most of that time. Since 1842 Judge Parmenter has been a member of the Odd Fellows, at that time they numbered 300 in Massachusetts. He was grand master in 1847 and holds the record of being the oldest living grand master in this state.

When the degree of L. L. D. was conferred upon Andrew Jackson at Harvard College, Mr. Parmenter was then a Freshman at that institution, from which he later graduated.

In 1853 he married Miss Helen James of North Scituate. He has two sons, William E. and Judge James P. Parmenter, both graduates of Harvard University.

MRS. WARREN A. PIERCE.

Mrs. Warren A. Pierce died at her home on Academy street, Saturday, after a lingering illness.

Last fall Mrs. Pierce went to the White Mountains where she remained until a few weeks ago, hoping to regain her health, but although all medical aid and care were given, the weak constitution was not strong enough to battle against the complication which set in. Those near and dear watched the life slowly ebbing away, knowing that nothing could be done, while she remained bright, making happy plans for the future, up to within a short time of her death.

Mrs. Pierce was the daughter of Jesse P. and Alenia Bacon and was born in Arlington, where most of her life has been spent. She was a loving mother, always devoted to her home, making her whole life radiant with patience and gentleness and bringing sunshine to all who knew her. Besides a husband she leaves three sons, Warren, Horace, and Arthur, besides three sisters and one brother.

The funeral was held from the late residence Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Frederick Gell officiating, assisted by Rev. S. C. Bushnell. Appropriate vocal selections were rendered by a quartette consisting of Miss Damon, Mrs. Wilbur, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Brackett. The floral tributes were many and beautiful. Interment was at Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

MAORI TATTOOING.

Tortures Which the Women Undergo During the Process.

English explorers and scientists have brought back a series of remarkable specimens of Maori tattooing from the interior of New Zealand. The most astonishing designs were found on the faces of the women.

The faces and bodies of the women are so covered with these blue marks that they look as if they had on a tight fitting chintz dress.

The instrument employed in tattooing to obtain the deep furrows is usually made of bone, having a sharp edge like a chisel and shaped in the fashion of a garden hoe. Another style is made of a shark's tooth.

The tattooing of the women is commenced when about the age of fifteen or eighteen and continues until they reach middle age. Most of the masters of the art are professionals, who go from village to village and are highly paid for their services. The pattern about to be engraved is first outlined on the face with a small stick dipped in powdered charcoal, after which the skin is gashed, and the coloring or pigment is introduced into the cut flesh with a stick dipped into the liquid.

The coloring material used is generally the resin of a certain tree, which is burned, powdered and converted into a fluid.

ARLINGTON.

The Samaritan society of the Universalist church met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. H. F. Fister.

The W. R. C. held an Experience party in G. A. R. hall last Thursday afternoon. Many of those present told how they had earned a dollar, and \$18.76 was realized.

The well known Peabody estate on Broadway and Winter street, will be sold at trustees auction sale April 8th, to close the estate.

Friends of Mr. F. S. Sutcliffe, superintendent of Arlington public schools were glad to see him about town once more on Monday.

Friday evening the last of the series of dancing parties under the management of Miss Alice M. Homer, takes place in Associates' hall, and no doubt it will be the most brilliant of the series.

The alarm of fire rung in from Box 24 Friday evening was a fire on the property formerly owned by Wesley Robinson, corner of Beacon and Coral streets. The shed was badly burned and the loss amounted to about \$25.

The Rev. F. H. Rowley, of the First Baptist church, Boston, will exchange pulpits with Rev. Dr. Watson on Sunday, the 29th inst., instead of next Sunday, as announced in the Baptist church weekly calendar.

For the rest of the Lenten season vesper services will be held at the Universalist church on Sunday evenings at 7 p. m. A mixed quartet will sing and the preacher will be the pastor of the church.

The season of flies is near at hand and it is time to have the screens put in order. Wm. P. Schwab & Bro. make a specialty of repairs as well as new work. Their announcement in another column will be worth your attention.

The mail facilities of the Arlington station have been increased by a street car service between Arlington Heights station and North Cambridge station, there connecting with the regulation postal cars. Three mails each way daily are received and despatched. The service went into effect Tuesday.

The town offices are undergoing a transformation scene. A gang of busy workmen are making the changes voted at the recent town meeting in order to accommodate the increased number of town officers. Several new safes and elegant roll-top desks have been received this week, and the new officers, although somewhat upset by these changes, are getting accustomed to the routine of their respective positions.

The Arlington Baseball club are making plans for the coming season, and an effort will be made to represent the town with a heavy team. Frank Rowe, who was connected with the team the past two years, will again manage the team and expects to have the candidates out for practice in a short time. Preparations are being made for the annual social which will be held in Town hall the latter part of April.

The musical program at Pleasant Street Congregational church, Arlington, Sunday will be: Selections from Gaul's "Holy City," organ prelude, Contemplation; chorus, "No Shadows Yonder," contralto solo, "Eye hath not seen," chorus, "For Thee O dear, dear country," bass solo, "A new Heaven and a new Earth" with choral Sanctus; organ prelude, "Thine is the Kingdom."

Saturday evening's Boston Journal had quite an article about a small sized strike among the pin boys on the allies of the Arlington Boat club on Thursday evening. According to the report the trouble was quickly quelled through "Bill Homer," by the discharge of the leader and the threatening of the others if they did not return to work.

According to last Wednesday evening's Boston Record, Mrs. Mary Elliott of Henderson street, having lost her pocket book, and learning that it was in the hands of the police, received scant courtesy at police headquarters when she went to regain it, was unable to get any satisfaction from those in charge.

Sunday afternoon at three o'clock rather a singular accident occurred near Forest street on Massachusetts avenue. Victor Lamprey of Boston was struck by one of the large Lexington & Boston cars in charge of motorman John Hurley and conductor Michael Ryan. As another car was passing at the time it was not known whether Mr. Lamprey jumped off that car or simply dodged in behind the passing car. His left foot was severed and the right foot also injured. Dr. Keegan was called and ordered him taken to the Massachusetts general hospital.

The fair in aid of the Florence Crittendon home to be held at the Vendome, Boston March 24 and 25 should be generously patronized. The "home" is located at 209 Arlington street Watertown, and at present is sheltering sixteen girls and thirteen babies. Visitors are always welcome. An appeal to all is issued to help in the grand work. Donations for tables or money will be gratefully received by Mrs. C. F. Driscoll, at 4 Michigan avenue, Dorchester; or with a committee of Arlington young ladies, Misses Bessie Bartlett, Edith Schwamb, Susie Ludwig and Alice Musgrave.

THE KIANGS OF INDIA.

These Wild Horses Are Vicious and Said to Be Untamable.

Writing of the kiangs, or wild horses, of India, found near the land of Tibet, Thomas W. Weber in "The Forests of Upper India and Their Inhabitants" says:

Here for the first time we saw the kiang, or wild horse. Several herds came to look at us as we marched and galloped around, neighing and kicking up, but kept at a respectful distance. They have big, ugly heads and tails and ears like a mule's and a black stripe down the back; color, light bay, with white noses. They have fine free action in trot and gallop and are fourteen to fifteen hands high, strong in the legs and heavy in the body. We were welcomed by the neighing of numerous wild horses to the land of the kiang. Several herds kept circling round, the old stallions approaching in a quite threatening manner, snorting, squealing and kicking up their heels, while the mares and foals galloped off at a more respectful distance. There was a herd of kiangs which careered about our camp in a most objectionable way, making the most fearful disturbances. We witnessed a battle royal between two stallions, which for ferocity and wicked fury surpassed any fight I have seen. Again and again the pair went at one another like tigers, biting and kicking and mauling, the blood flowing freely, while the fearful yells and roars they kept up were terrifying to hear. This went on for hours. The horrible roars and shrieks made by the wild horse when fighting sound something like a noise between a donkey's bray and the squealing of a jackal, but far more ear piercing and discordant. Here the kiang is found in considerable numbers. He is, according to the Hunia accounts, untamable. There was a young one purchased at Bagesar fair from some Hunias for a small price. The purchaser thought he had a good bargain and proposed to send the animal to England, but when his men went to bring away the purchase no power could induce it to leave its foster mother, an old Abhet pony, which the clever Hunias refused to sell except for an exorbitant sum.

EXPERTS IN WOOD.

The Old Violin Makers and the Material They Used.

The great violin makers all lived within the compass of 150 years. They chose their wood from a few great timbers felled in the south Tyrol and floated down in rafts—pine and maple, sycamore, pear and ash. They examined these to find streaks and veins and freckles, valuable superficially when brought out by varnishing. They learned to tell the dynasty of the pieces of wood by touching them. They weighed them, they struck them and listened to judge how fast or how slow or how resonantly they would vibrate in answer to strings. Some portions of the wood must be porous and soft, some close of fiber. Just the right beam was hard to find. When found, it can be traced all through the violins of some great master and after his death in some of his pupils. The piece of wood was taken home and seasoned, dried in the hot Brescia and Cremona sun. The house of Stradivarius, the great master of all, is described as having been as hot as an oven. The wood was there soaked through and through with sunshine. In this great heat the oils thinned and simmered slowly and penetrated far into the wood until the varnish became a part of the wood itself.

The old violin makers used to save every bit of the wood when they found what they liked to mend and patch and inlay with it. So vibrant and so resonant is the wood of good old violins that they murmur and echo and sing in answer to any sound where a number of them hang together on the wall, as if rehearsing the old music that they once knew.

Hard on the Ladies.

Very few remember the existence of a certain remarkable statute which was passed in the early days of George III. It indeed they ever heard of it. It runs to the effect that if any woman "enticed any of his majesty's male subjects into marriage by the use of any powders or paints or false hair or wool on the cheeks she shall be prosecuted for sorcery." What a cause celebre it would be if any of his present majesty's male subjects were to endeavor to put the law into action. What a rush there would be of fashionable ladies to secure front seats in court for the hearing.—London Tatler.

From the Father's Side.

Senator Grapther—Well, did Sterling say he'd vote for our bill? Senator Mainchantz—No; he said he couldn't imagine a bill of a more crooked and odious character. Senator Grapther—Did you tell him I was fathering the measure? Senator Mainchantz—Yes, and he said he fancied the bill's characteristics had been inherited.—Philadelphia Press.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Alexander Beaton left town on Monday for Denver, Colorado.

Mrs. Jones, mother of Mrs. Eldridge has bought N. J. McAllister's house on Crescent Hill avenue, and will soon occupy it.

Friends of Miss Edna White are pleased to hear she has been able to return to her work in Boston, after a prolonged illness.

Mr. W. O. Partridge returned last Wednesday from New York where he has been on a business trip.

Stevens Lawrence is once more located at his home on Oakland street, after spending the last few months at Mrs. Farmer's home.

Mrs. Nellie M. Farmer entertained the Sunshine Club at her home last Wednesday afternoon.

The Woman's Guild of the Park Avenue church are planning to hold a New England fair on April 28.

At the time of going to press the condition of Mr. William F. Hadley of Westminster avenue, is much improved.

Miss Marion Snow entertained the M. M. Club last Thursday afternoon. Invitations are out for their "Gentlemen's Night" to occur in Union hall, March 21.

At the fair to be held in Gilbert Hall, Boston, April 16, under the auspices of the State Federation of Sunshine Clubs, the club here is to be well represented, the ladies having charge of the fancy table. There are Mrs. Allen Mott Ring, Mrs. Alex. Livingstone, Mrs. H. H. Kendall, Mrs. N. M. Farmer, Miss Susie Haskell.

The young people of the Baptist church held a "Backward Social" at Mr. H. Frazer's home on Lowell Court, last Thursday evening. The fun commenced when all present were told to write their names backward, some of the boys presented themselves with coats on slightly twisted, and entered in a funny manner, making it all right with, "excuse my back" etc. The backward spelling match created much laughter, but it was found to be a hard matter, and one person expressed it no "snap." Refreshments were served as usual after which the company dispersed.

DR. G. W. YALE.

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ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, BELMONT.—First Mass, 8.30, Second Mass, 10.30 on Sundays and Holy Days of obligation. Week days, Mass at 10.30 Sunday School, 9.30. Vesper service, Sunday evening at 8.

FIRST PARISH CHURCH, BELMONT.—Rev. George H. Reed, Pastor.

WAVERLEY UNITARIAN SOCIETY.—Rev. C. A. Allen, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10.45. Sunday School at 12 m. All invited.

WAVERLEY BAPTIST SOCIETY.—Rev. A. B. McLeod, Pastor. Services in Waverley Hall. Sunday School 12.15 p. m. Preaching Service 1.15 p. m. Regular Weekly Prayer-meeting, Thursday evening at 7.30.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, WAVERLEY.—Rev. W. F. Gilman, Pastor. Morning service 10.45, Sunday School 12 m., Young People's Society Christian Endeavor 6.15 p. m., Evening service 7.15. Weekly prayer-meeting in vestry Friday at 7.30 p. m.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH (Episcopal)—Belmont, cor. Common and Clark Sts., Rev. Reginald E. Cox, Rector. Morning Service and Sermon at 10.30 a. m.; Sunday School at 12 m.; Congregational Bible Class at Parish Rooms on Pleasant St. at 5 p. m.

PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BELMONT.—Rev. E. H. Russell, Pastor. Morning service 10.30 a. m., Sunday School 12 m., Evening Praise 7. Weekly prayer meeting, Friday 7.45 p. m.

BELMONT LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets on the 2nd Thursday of each month, at Masonic Hall Belmont.



BELMONT FIRE ALARM.

1. No School.
2. Concord Ave., near Myrtle St.
3. Cor. School and Golden Sts.
4. Cor. Clark and Thomas Sts.
5. Cor. Waverley and Common Sts.
6. Concord Ave. (Opposite E. F. Atkins.)
7. Rose House
8. Cor. Pleasant and Clifton Sts.
9. Prospect St.
10. Cor. Pleasant and Brighton Sts.
11. Town Farm.
12. Waverley St.
13. Cor. Lexington and Beech Sts.
14. Cor. Church and North Sts.
15. White and Maple Sts.
16. Mill St. near J. S. Kendall
17. Trapelo Road, Agassiz St.
18. Spring Lane
19. School St. near Hittinger
20. One blow for test, at 6.35 a. m., 4.55 p. m. Two blows when fire is all out.
21. D. S. MCCABE, Chief.
22. E. H. RUSSELL, Jr.
23. E. PRICE.
24. JOHN LEONARD, Engineers.

A LONG SENTENCE.

One That Discounted the Longest One Evarts Ever Uttered.

Abram S. Hewitt had a very nimble wit and dearly loved a joke. He was once a guest at a dinner which included Recorder Smyth and Senator Evarts. The recorder was poking fun at the senator and read from a newspaper clipping what purported to be a sentence from a recent speech made by the senator, but which was in reality wholly fictitious, as the senator knew quite well. At its conclusion the laugh was long and hearty at Mr. Evarts' expense, and no one laughed longer or heartier than the senator himself.

As soon as the laughter had subsided Mr. Hewitt suddenly leaned across the table and, looking rather sternly into the smiling face of the recorder, said in a well assumed tone of reproach:

"That certainly is a remarkable sentence, your honor, but criticism of it does not come well from you if today's newspapers are to be believed, for they contain a sentence of much greater length which is attributed to you."

"Why—why, how is that, Mr. Hewitt?" inquired the recorder, with considerable confusion.

"Because," said Mr. Hewitt, with the utmost gravity and that grim smile which always accompanied his best sayings, "you are there quoted as uttering a sentence that was to last through the whole life of the prisoner."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Usual Way.

A man had a piece of news.

A reporter heard of it.

The reporter called on the man.

And asked him about the news.

The man played balloon with the reporter.

He smiled noticeably and said:

"You fellows never get anything right. So I won't tell you."

The reporter did not get angry.

He knew the man was a fool.

He had seen him before.

He knew the real facts could be had from no one else.

Yet the reporter did the very best he could to get at the truth.

And published the story as he got it.

Then the man who had refused to give the facts arose early and bought a paper to see if the facts were distorted. They were.

And he said:

"I told you so."

Query.—With whom should the public yearn to get even—the reporter, who did his best, or the arrogant fool, who deliberately refused to help him?—Baltimore American.

Animals and Rain.

It seems strange that no animal, unless it be the squirrel, seems to build itself a shelter with the express object of keeping off the rain, which they all so much dislike. Monkeys are miserable in wet and could easily build shelters if they had the sense to do so. "As the creatures hop disconsolately along in the rain," writes Mr. Kipling in his "Beast and Man in India," "or crouch on branches, with dripping backs set against the tree trunk as shelter from a driving storm, they have the air of being very sorry for themselves." But even the orang outang, which builds a small platform in the trees on which to sleep at night, never seems to think of a roof, though the Dyaks say that when it is very wet it covers itself with the leaves of the pandanus, a large fern.—London Spectator.

No Misers in Burma.

When a Burman has earned a little money, he immediately proceeds to spend it all, for the Burmese have no ambition to be rich and never hoard. Consequently there are no large landowners, and, there being no aristocracy, the people are as near being on an equality as possible. Poor people are quite as rare as rich people, and the only beggars to be met with are the lepers, who sit on the steps of the pagodas. Should a Burman find himself in possession of a large sum of money he builds a pagoda and possibly a zayat, or resthouse. If any money still remains, he gives a theatrical performance.

An Advantage From Fogs.

In speaking of fogs a medical journal draws some consolation from the fact that even fogs have one compensating advantage which has often been overlooked. "It is," it says, "reasonable to suppose that a fog effects a partial purification of the atmosphere. This is borne out by the fact that when a fog subsides the deposits contain the carbon, sulphur, organic bases and other injurious and irritating particles which formerly existed in a state of suspension in the atmosphere."

Up Against It.

"Don't go in there, children," cautioned the wife of the struggling poet, listening a moment to sounds as of a strong man in distress that came from the other room.

"Why not?" they asked.

"Your father is trying to find a rhyme for 'scrofulous.'"—Chicago Tribune.

His Costly Conversation.

Tired Tatters—Dey say dat sum uv dem poets git \$1 a word.

Weary Walker—Dat's nuttin'! I got \$2 a word wunst.

Tired Tatters—Wot fer?

Weary Walker—Fer sassin' de judge. —Chicago News.

The Reason.

Smithly (just returned after a long absence)—Is Brown still attentive to your daughter?
Oldboy—No.
Smithly—She flitted him, then?
Oldboy—No, she married him.

Before putting to sea say one prayer, before going to war say two prayers, before getting married say three prayers.—Spanish Proverb.

DOING THE GRAND ENTRY.

How a Circus Horse Enjoys His Part of the Performance.

The experiences of a farm horse that unexpectedly joins a wagon show circus is described by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine." Calico is the name of the horse. At night he has a hard time pulling the band wagon over the country roads, but he thoroughly enjoys his part in the performance under the main tent. The author describes Calico's feelings as follows:

Ah, that grand entry! That was something to live for. No matter how bad the roads or how hard the hills had been, Calico forgot it all during those ten delightful minutes when, with his heart beating time to the rat-tat-tat of the snare drum, he swung prancingly around the yellow arena.

It all began in the dressing tent with a period of confusion in which horses were crowded together as thick as they could stand, while the riders dressed and mounted in frantic haste, for to be late meant to be fined. At last the ringmaster clapped his hands as a sign that all was in readiness. There was a momentary hush. Then a bugle sounded, the flaps were thrown back, and to the crashing accompaniment of the band the seemingly chaotic mass unfolded into a double line as the horses broke into a sharp gallop around the freshly dug ring.

The first time Calico did the grand entry he felt as though he had been sucked into a whirlpool and was being carried around by some irresistible force. So dazed was he by the music, by the hum of human voices and by the unfamiliar sights that he forgot to rear and kick. He could only prance and snort. He went forward because the rider of the outside horse dragged him along by the bridle rein. Around and around he circled until he lost all sense of direction, and when he was finally shunted out through the dressing tent flaps he was so dizzy he could scarcely stand.

The Candle Fish.

One of the piscatorial curiosities of the north Pacific coast, especially plentiful along the shores of British Columbia, is the fish known to Indians, whites and half breeds as the "candle fish." To the scientists he is the eulachon (Thaleichthys pacificus), and is highly esteemed for two reasons. The fish itself is about fourteen inches long, resembles the smelt in general appearance and is caught in large quantities by west coast fishermen during the months of February, March and April. It is the fattest of all fishes, for which reason large numbers of them are dried and smoked to be used as a warming food during the long rigorous winters so common in that region.

Large numbers of them are also run through crude presses, which extract the oil. This is preserved in skin bags and used much in the same manner as whale's blubber is used by the Eskimos. This "candle fish" gets its common name from the fact that when dried it burns with a bright white flame until entirely consumed. It is much used by the "coasters" both of Columbia and Alaska, either with or without a wick passed through its body.

An Ancient Colt.

One of Mrs. Grant's favorite stories was of an experience in camp somewhere in the Adirondacks, when her husband, then president for the first term, wanted to get away from Washington officialdom. Mrs. Grant was bothered about the washing. A guide recommended a woman who had seen better days, who lived a little way down the lake. Mrs. Grant engaged her. Two days afterward she saw a scene that, as she expressed it, reminded her of "Elaine." It was her washerwoman paddling in a dugout behind a heap of snowy linen.

"Less'n a year ago," said the woman apologetically, "I wouldn't had to 'a' used the boat. I brung it by the colt. But one day he jes' got colic or somethin' and rolled over on the grass and died. My, how we miss that colt! We'd had him for twenty years."

The Cat and the Doughnuts.

This is a true story, says a writer, that my grandmother told me about her cat and dog. She used to find the cover off her doughnut jar, and also noticed that her doughnuts disappeared. One day she heard a noise and found that the cat was on the shelf where the doughnuts were kept. Then it put its paw in the jar and drew out a doughnut and pushed it off the shelf, and the dog, who was looking up at the cat, caught the doughnut in his mouth and ate it. When they found they were caught, they acted very guiltily.

Why Frenchmen Are Small.

It is said that the under size of the French and their physical shortcomings as a nation are due for the most part to the heavy drain made upon the race by Napoleon. All the able-bodied men were enrolled in his service, leaving none at domestic or business pursuits except the extremely youthful or the aged. From this drainage of the blood and destruction of the sinew of the race France has not yet recovered.

Another Tender Heart.

Clara—Going in for charity again, are you? What is it this time?

Dora—We are going to distribute cheap copies of Beethoven's symphonies among the poor. Music is such an aid to digestion, you know!—New York Weekly.

One Advantage.

Mrs. Kingsley—You say you like colored servants better than white because they are slower. How is that?

Mrs. Bingo—It takes them longer to leave.—Town and Country.

Even absurdity has a champion to defend it, for error is always talkative.—Goldsmith.



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BODY BRUSSELS. These most goods have always been our specialty, and the exclusive patterns we have originated for our wholesale and retail are considered the best in this country and are famous for their designs and coloring. But there are some patterns that must be discontinued and closed out altogether. There are fully fifty patterns, containing thousands of yards of Bigelow-Lowell, Whitall and English goods that have formerly been sold in our retail stock at from \$1.40 to \$2.00 per yard. We shall close them out at, per yard,

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A large lot of odd rolls and part pieces of Royal Wiltons, Scotch Axminsters, Bigelow Axminsters, French Axminsters, &c. sold or shopworn, will be sold exactly as they are without allowance. The price that they were formerly marked at was from \$1.50 to \$2.75 and \$4.00 to as high as \$8.00 per yard. We shall sell them "as are" at, per yard,

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RUGS

We have the largest and best lighted Rug show room in New England. In connection with our great Reorganization Sale of Carpets we have marked our surplus Rug stock, both foreign and domestic, at prices hitherto unapproached. A good single example of many—is the following:

Chlorides Rugs, about 12x16 ft., in modern colors, Heavy Daghestans and Cabistans and quite a number of Antiques that are worn and torn. These rugs were formerly marked at from \$10 to \$20 each. We have marked them at, each,

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A STRANGE LEGEND.

Origin of a Curious Custom Observed by Bulgarian Masons.

Nine master masons who were engaged in building a citadel in the time of the Volvold Neagoe found on returning to their work each morning that the portion of the wall which they had completed the day before had fallen to pieces during the night and was lying in a heap of ruins in the ditch. Manol of Curtea, the head mason, informed his comrades one morning that a voice from heaven had warned him in his sleep the night before that their labors would continue to come to naught unless they all swore on that very morning to immerse in the structure the first woman, be it wife, mother, daughter or sister, who should arrive with the morning meal of one or either of them. They all took the oath, and the last man had hardly been sworn when Manol's own wife appeared, carrying her husband's breakfast. The oath was kept, and the woman, known in the legend as "Flora of the Fields," was murdered and her blood and flesh incorporated with the wall of masonry.

A curious practice of the Bulgarian masons (the above scene is laid in Bulgaria), which survives to this day, testifies to the vitality of the legend. To insure the solidity of the houses they build they measure with a reed the shadow of the first person who passes after the digging of the foundation has been completed. When the foundation is commenced, this reed is buried under the first rock, usually the cornerstone.

Medicine For Him.

"His wife has treasured all the letters he wrote her when he was courting her; keeps them by her all the time."

"Gracious! She doesn't read them over, does she?"

"No, but she threatens to read them to him whenever he gets obstreperous."—Philadelphia Press.

Foretold.

May—What's the matter, dear? Clara—My engagement with Charley is broken.

May—But I thought you intended to break it?

Clara—So I did, but the wretch went and broke it himself.

It doesn't cost a cent to be a gentleman, but it may cost you your life to be a fool.—Atchison Globe.

An Index to Some of Boston's

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Samuel V. Tutthill, late of Watertown in said County, deceased, Intestate.

Whereas, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Annie J. Clements of Watertown in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April A.D. 1903, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Watertown Enterprise, a newspaper published in Watertown, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and three.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

STATE HOUSE,

BOSTON, March 10th, 1903.

The Committee on Towns will give a hearing to parties interested in petition (with bills, Senate Nos. 232 and 233) of the Selectmen of the town of Watertown that the said town may refund or renew its indebtedness, at room No. 425 State House, on Tuesday, March 17th, at 11 o'clock, a. m.

GEO. N. GOFF, Chairman.
E. S. TUCKER, Clerk of the Committee.

ARLINGTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hornblower have returned from their southern trip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alma Noyes to Mr. Harry R. White, both of Arlington.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Wyman of Lake street last Thursday.

Wm. A. Clark has moved from the old homestead corner of Massachusetts avenue and Avon street, to Somerville, where he will reside with one of his sons.

Rev. J. C. Jaynes of West Newton, will address the meeting of the Woman's Alliance of the Unitarian church, next Monday afternoon, March 23, on "Greek Drama."

The choir of St. John's church are making preparations for an entertainment and dancing in Town hall, Arlington, Wednesday evening, April 15.

The entire stock of wagons and gardening implements of Joseph Shepard of Brattle lane, was sold at auction, Saturday, by Robinson and Hendricks, auctioneers.

The second suite in the apartment house numbered 19 Medford street, the property of W. H. Potter of Watertown, has been rented through Clark's agency to C. F. Seavey of 15 Central street. Mr. Seavey will occupy it very soon.

The following chairmen of different committees of the Arlington Golf club, have been appointed: Green committee, Charles H. Carter; house committee, S. Fred Hicks; tennis committee, Clarence O. Hill; entertainment, W. M. Hill; tournament, George M. Brooks; the ladies', Miss Florence M. Hill.

Philip A. Hendricks, of Robinson and Hendricks' Real Estate and Insurance agency, has been appointed special agent for the sale of tickets, drafts and foreign money orders of the Dominion and Cunard lines to all places in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. This is a new departure in Arlington and should prove a great convenience to many.

The Patriotic Review for March has a new portrait of Mrs. Curtis Guild, Jr., wife of the lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts. It is printed exclusively and by permission. Among leading articles is one on John Alden, the Pilgrim, written by Marian Longfellow in reply to the recent attack on this worthy personage. There is a report of the D. A. R. congress, and several new features and departments make the issue one of great value. This magazine is offered for 60 cents for six numbers. Marion Howard Brazier, editor, Trinity Court, Boston, Mass.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE.

Another evidence of the enterprise of the management of the Castle Square theatre is found in the announcement of the five act drama, by Emile Berceat, "More Than Queen," as the coming week's attraction at this house. It will be remembered that Julia Arthur made this play the success of one of her seasons and that the great scenes of the Napoleonic era aroused immense enthusiasm wherever presented. The opportunities afforded in this production for elaborate stage settings, costumes and minor accessories will be fully improved, and the demands of the play, now given for the first time at popular prices, will be equally well met.

"More Than Queen" is announced for only a single week, with the usual distribution of souvenir boxes of chocolate bonbons at the Monday matinee.

LEXINGTON.

Miss Etta Dow of Bedford street is quite ill with an attack of scarlet fever.

Mrs. M. J. Cassidy is able to be about again after a brief illness.

Men are engaged unloading two car loads of iron pipe, 12 inches in diameter, for the Metropolitan Water Service.

Word received from W. A. Tower, who is spending the Winter at Pinchurst, N. C., reports him as enjoying excellent health.

Next Friday evening Albert S. Parsons of this town, will address the members of the Wollaston Unitarian club at that place.

A. D. Stone of Muzzey street is able to sit up, and move about the house, and will soon be able to attend to his duties.

Andrew Gallagher of Lincoln road still continues a very sick man, but signs of improvement are beginning to show themselves in his condition.

The adjourned town meeting will meet next Monday evening, when it is to be hoped that more than one article will reach its final stage, as was the case at the last town meeting.

Last Saturday afternoon Rev. Francis B. Blodgett of the Episcopal church, gave the third of his litany addresses, taking for his subject "The Consecration of Affection." The audience was a large and appreciative one.

The meeting of the Young People's Guild of the first parish, was conducted by Miss Clara A. Bigelow last Sunday evening, in the vestry of the church.

Miss Kirkland of the Cary library, expects to receive views of Australia, for the use of patrons of the library, some time during this month.

The school board has decided to close the schools for the spring vacation on Wednesday, March 25, and reopen them on Tuesday, March 31.

Besides taking an active interest in town affairs, G. W. Sampson finds time to attend to a large real estate business, as the numerous signs bearing his name, scattered all over town would indicate.

The Friday club will hold its next meeting at the home of Mrs. Worden on Maple street, on Friday, March 27. No particular program has been arranged at this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrett of the Russell house, left this week for a journey south, and their daughter, Miss Barrett, will follow as soon as convenient.

The Boston and Maine railroad, had a gang of men engaged about the freight yard and depot this week, doing a little spring cleaning, and the result is, that the grounds about the depot present a more attractive appearance.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

"Saved from the Sea," which will be presented at the Grand Opera House next week, is a melodrama that will hold the interest of any audience. All of its situations are exciting, and the plot of the play is interesting. It is based upon the usual story of an honest man's suffering caused by the villainy of another, who is incensed at the happiness of his victim. The clever and talented actress, Miss Laura Hulbert, will be seen in the title role of Nancy Ellington, the heroine, supported by a company of capable and selected artists.

Matinees will be given as usual on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

PERSISTENT LOVERS.

WOMEN WHO WERE MARRIED IN SPIKE OF THEMSELVES.

Some Matrimonial Experiences That Would Seem to Justify Voltaire's Cynical Declaration That "Any Man Can Wed Any Woman."

"Any man can marry any woman," Voltaire once cynically declared, "if he only pursues her long enough." This, at any rate, was the experience of Jacob Halliday, a well known character in the north of England a couple of generations ago.

Never did a lover win a wife under such discouraging conditions as Jacob, for after his first proposal he was soundly horsewhipped by the young lady's father and ducked in a convenient pond.

"I'll ask her again next year," Jacob spluttered as he emerged from his bath, the fire of his passion not a whit quenched by his cold douche. "Regularly once a year, on the anniversary of his first proposal and immersion," Nicholson says in his biography of Mr. Halliday, "Jacob attired himself in his finest raiment and presented his petition, always with the same negative result. When he presented himself, now a middle aged man, for the twenty-fourth time, the lady greeted his appearance with a peal of laughter. 'It's no good, Jacob, I see,' she exclaimed. 'I may as well give in now as later, but what a faint hearted creature the unfortunate widow was compared with you!'"

Sheridan took an equally bold course when he sought to win the fairest of the beautiful daughters of Linley, the composer of Bath, who was strongly opposed to the suit of the brilliant young poet and dramatist. His lady-love, too, was beset by an army of suitors, many of them far more eligible than the penniless law student. The circumstances called for bold and decisive action. After threatening to destroy himself if the lady refused his advances and fighting a couple of duels with one of his most formidable rivals Sheridan took the bold step of running away with Miss Linley and conducting her to a French nunnery, where she remained in confinement until, succumbing to her lover's daring and persistence, she consented to marry him.

An amusing and characteristic story is told of Lord Beaconsfield in the days when he was wooing Mrs. Lewis, to whom in later years of married life he was so touchingly devoted.

One day Mrs. Lewis, who was then living in retirement at her seat in Glamorganshire, saw a gentleman walking leisurely up the drive. "Jane," she exclaimed to an old servant, "I really believe that horrid man Disraeli is coming up the drive. Do, please, run to the door and say I'm not at home." Jane opened the door to the undesired caller and gravely announced her message. "I know," Disraeli coolly answered, "but take my bag to a bedroom and prepare luncheon. I will wait until Mrs. Lewis is ready to come downstairs," which, of course, Mrs. Lewis felt compelled to do a few minutes later.

"Oh, dear, what can I do with such an obstinate, thick skinned man?" the widow asked desperately later in the day when Disraeli showed no sign of raising the siege. "Marry him, I suppose, ma'am," was Jane's philosophic answer, and, as the world knows, the persistent wooer had his way in the end in this as in most other things in life.

A judge, not long deceased, used to tell a diverting story of his wooing. In those days he was a struggling and obscure lawyer without even the prospect of an income, and the woman on whom he had set his affections was the daughter of a purse proud man with a high sounding name who was strongly opposed to giving his daughter to a "penniless lawyer."

"Do you know, sir," the father thundered when he was asked for his daughter's hand—"do you know, sir, that my daughter's ancestors have all been noblemen and that one of them was a favorite minister of Queen Elizabeth?" "Oh, yes, I know all that," the young barrister placidly answered, "and do you know that Queen Elizabeth once slapped your ancestor's face, and unless you are more civil I will do the same for you?" It is scarcely surprising that so bold and daring a lover had his way in the end, even in the face of such a barrier of ghostly noble ancestors.

The late Prince Bismarck, it is said, won his wife in much the same way. Although he had not known the lady of his love more than a few days and her parents were not even aware of his existence, he presented himself one day before them and boldly asked permission to marry their daughter. In vain the father fumed and blustered and threatened to have the young man forcibly ejected from the house for his impertinence. "I am sorry to annoy you, sir," the young soldier said, "but I must respectfully decline to leave the house until I have your consent." Nor did he, although the consent was given in these ungracious words: "Well, I suppose you must have your way, but I cannot compliment my daughter on her choice of a mule for a husband."

He Feels It.

"Does a draft give you cold chills down your back?" asked the philosopher.

"It does," replied the wise guy, "when my bank account is overdrawn."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Bobby's Comment.

Little Bobby was inspecting the new baby for the first time, and his dictum was as follows:

"I s'pose it's nice enough, what there is of it, but I'm sorry it ain't a parrot."—Tit-Bits.

A MARVELOUS STRUCTURE.

The Grandeur of the Great Natural Bridge in Virginia.

Virginia is a state which abounds with springs which have medicinal properties. It is also a state in which nearly every foot of ground has historic associations, and this fact, together with its glorious landscapes, makes it an unusually interesting state to visit. There are thousands of resorts, each of which has its own special attractions, but none has attracted more visitors than the resorts in the vicinity of the Great Natural Bridge, which is one of the natural wonders of the United States.

This marvelous structure overlooks the James river valley, being on the western slope of the Blue mountains. It is just about the center of the state. It approaches Niagara in grandeur and exceeds it in height and awful mystery. It is a single block of limestone, with many shades of color. The walls are smooth, as if cut with chisels, and there is no sign of displacement.

The visitor follows a tumbling cascade down a deep fissure in the mountain under some of the largest arborescent trees in the world and, turning down a line of steps cut into the precipice, suddenly finds himself by a swift stream in a dark canyon and the great bridge far above him. Birds high in air pass under the blue arch. The place is full of echoes, and the winds and waters moan eternally.

Washington when a surveyor for Lord Fairfax visited the natural bridge and carved his name, where it may still be seen. The original bridge tract was granted by King George III. to Thomas Jefferson in 1774. After he was president Jefferson visited the place, surveyed it and made the map with his own hands. Jefferson spoke of the place as "a famous place that will draw the attention of the world." Chief Justice Marshall wrote of the bridge as "God's greatest miracle in stone." Henry Clay wrote of "the bridge not made with hands that span a river, carries a highway and makes two mountains one."—Detroit Free Press.

OLD FASHIONED.

What has become of the old fashioned man who had been married only once?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who expected her children to "mind?"

What has become of the old fashioned man who was always wanting to bet a can of oysters?

What has become of the old fashioned lover who gave his girl a copy of "Lucille" at Christmas?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who said she "backed" an envelope when she wrote an address on it?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who explained her poverty by saying an elephant stepped on her pocketbook?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who screamed at the thought of her husband taking out life insurance, saying that it sounded as if he didn't expect to live long?—Atchison Globe.

Curious Wills.

The most curious and perhaps the most spiteful will on record is that of Queen Austrigilda, consort of King Gotram, who by her noncupative or verbal testament enjoined her husband to slay and bury in the same grave with herself the two physicians who had attended to her majesty during her last illness. Scarcely less vindictive was the will of the selfish husband who forbade his wife to marry a second time, concluding with the threat, "If she disobeys me, I will come again if I can." Quite at the opposite pole of sentiment was the direction of the married woman who predeceased her husband to her executors to seek out some nice, good, pretty girl who would make an affectionate second wife for a spouse.—London Telegraph.

Meerschaum Carving.

Vienna is the greatest center for meerschaum carving, which has attained a very high artistic development. The raw material comes in such odd shapes that much skill is exercised in obtaining from each piece a pipe that shall be as large and well shaped as possible. The rough block is first soaked in water to make it soft, when it can be cut as readily as cheese. After the carving is completed the final polishing is done by women with fine sandpaper and a kind of grass.

Ancient Sausages.

Antiquaries are baffled in their attempts to ascertain when sausages first became an article of human consumption. We know at least that among the ancient Greeks sausages, called "alantes" and "choradi," were a common article of diet, and every schoolboy knows, or ought to know, that sausages, black puddings and sausage sellers appear in the comedies of Aristophanes.—London Telegraph.

What Happened.

"She married the coachman because she wanted some one who could drive." "Well?" "Well, he drove her to distraction!"—Chicago Post.

Quick Conclusion.

"I see that one Pennsylvania convict fatally assaulted another." "They must have some bad men in that penitentiary."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Responsibility Placed.

"So their marriage was a failure." "Not at all. Marriage is all right. It was the man and the woman who were failures."—Philadelphia Press.

For a Happy Day

By M. M'C. WILLIAMS

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Out in the garden Philomena sang so sweet and high it was like the scent of the clove pinks. They stretched in a matted mass all up and down the old fashioned borders. The garden was big, and a wide, weathered gray house brooded beside it. Time was when the Tryon house had been the finest and most hospitable in all the countryside. In the day of broken fortunes it still kept an aroma of cheery good will.

Lusty hundred leaf roses grew behind the bordering pinks. Philomena was snipping them ruthlessly, cutting them without stems and dropping them in her apron. It bulged ridiculously with the mass of bloom, but she kept crowding in clipped pinky white petals, pretending to be conscious of nothing but her work.

Somebody had come up behind her, a tall, young fellow, supple and merry eyed. He undid the apron strings delicately, gathered the band in his hands, stretching daring arms about her waist, and said: "Stop slaying your thousands, Phil! One rose ought to love her sisters too well for wholesale murder."

Philomena slid from his clasp, dexterously leaving the buddled apron within his hands. "If I were a rose, I had rather be clipped for potpourri than be left to waste and wither," she said with a delicious upward tilt of the chin.

"Being interpreted, that means you have not given up a stage career," Arthur Wayne said, catching her hand. "Phil, Phil," he went on, "you must give it up. I cannot bear to think of my rose, my rose of all the world, withering, fading, in the glare of the footlights."

"Stop! We have gone over all that!" Philomena said imperiously. "I tell you, I must go. It is past bearing, the way things are now. Oh, I know my aunts would not starve. They've a roof over their heads, and Uncle John—but I cannot speak of him. What I cannot bear longer is to see them pinched, unhappy, lacking the little comforts that mean so much in age, feeling themselves dependent."

"You know our home would be theirs," Arthur interrupted. Phil gave him a reproachful look. "You won't understand," she said. "All their lives they have been somebody, gentlemen, able to hold up their heads. Gentlemen hate charity. They risked money and lost it, against Uncle's advice, for my sake. Now, when I am told I have a fortune in my throat, I must take care of them, even if it breaks my heart."

The last word was under breath. Wayne made to draw her to him, but a brisk, bustling voice behind them said: "So ho! Very pretty! Upon my word, very pretty! Are we rehearsing for Strephon and Chloe?" Then without waiting answer the newcomer ran on: "Miss Tryon, be ready for the early train tomorrow. I've a letter from Franzoni. He will try your voice, provided you come to him by 10 o'clock in the morning."

"I shall go with you," Arthur said, openly taking Phil in his arms. "I said you must choose, dear. Let me take it back. If you will, let me follow—everywhere."

"No, no! I will not let you spoil your life!" Phil protested, but he held her fast, saying, as he looked Music Master Graham square in the eye: "Philomena is my promised wife and not by a fair verbal promise. Wherever you may take her I shall go too."

Graham's eyes were quizzical, yet not unkind. "That's as you please, young man," he said, waving his hand up and down. "But if you'll heed a friendly word, stay behind, at least at first. You see, you'd be so patently, so palpably romantic you'd be set down, not as a fact, but a press agent's fake. The voice there," nodding toward Philomena, "is so pure, so golden, so rarely true it needs to be kept high, not vulgarized. I give you my word the roaring lions supposed to haunt stage doors are really no more than yelping curly poodles. They tag after and fawn upon you for an encouraging look or word, come to the whistle and tumble over themselves to follow a finger even half lifted. But as for danger, my friend, even an unconscious look scares them. Miss Tryon has only to be herself in order to be always and everywhere perfectly safe."

"Notwithstanding I shall go," Arthur said obstinately.

Graham shrugged his shoulders. Miss Tryon, the elder of the aunts, came tripping between the borders, her delicately wrinkled face exhaling a spiritual fragrance like the scent of dried rose leaves. "Come in, all of you," she said eagerly. "There's a peddler on the piazza, an elderly man, and he looks so tired, carrying that heavy pack. Such lovely things! Yes," deprecatingly to Philomena, "Martha and I let him show them, but indeed it was after we had told him we could not buy. I thought, though, maybe, Arthur—only his mother gets so much in the city. But really there is the loveliest length of brocade, almost exactly like my grandmother's second day's silk!" As she spoke she had buddled the other three in front of her toward the house, much as she would have marshaled fowls a trifle unruly.

At the piazza stood Philomena sat down, but the men both fell to examining the peddler's wares. Graham, indeed, almost instantly caught up the length of brocade, crying as he threw it over Philomena's shoulder, "Here's

exactly what is wanted for your first opera costume!"

In spite of herself Phil gave a little delighted cry, the silvery satin ground was so rich and lustrous, the apple bloom strewn over it so perfect in line and color. She was sorry when the peddler said respectfully:

"That, sir, is an ordered bit, so not for sale."

"Get another piece for your order; I'm bound to have this one," said Graham good humoredly.

The peddler shook his head. "There is not another piece like it," he said. "This was specially woven for a happy day gown."

"Who is to wear it?" Philomena asked softly, stifling a sigh. Somehow she found herself trembling, all her courage oozing away. She wished as she had never wished before that she had somebody of her very own to lean on. Her mother had died when she was born. Her father had gone away, disappeared, leaving her only a clouded name for heritage. She had never known until the trouble came; then Uncle John had spoken harsh truth. It was that, as much as love for the two dear old ladies, which kept her steadfast to the thought of going into the world and winning its applause.

She had never been curious or envious, but somehow there swelled in her a sense of passionate injury against the unknown who was to wear this happy day gown, ordered no doubt by a father's loving pride. She crushed the rich fabric between her fingers and fixed a long look upon the peddler's face.

"A girl is to wear it—that is, if she chooses," the peddler said, moving a step nearer.

Then she saw that he was more travel worn and weary than aged. Dimly, uncertainly, she saw, too, a likeness that drew her electrically to her feet. Through the open hall door her father's portrait showed in the bloom and strength of young manhood. She glanced from it to the peddler and back again, then stood white as death, facing him, too shaken to speak. His eyes followed hers and grew misty as he cried:

"Sisters! Daughter! So I have really kept my place! Philomena, my baby, the happy day gown was brought for you."

Greedy Animals.

It may be doubted whether those of us who are able to obtain sufficient food without difficulty can appreciate the craving for sustenance experienced by sea birds and other animals which have often by the force of circumstances to fast for long periods. Gulls will eat until they cannot fly and when they find pilchards on board a boat will continue their feast until they can only lie down and gasp. A superfluity of food comes at such long intervals that when it does come the avian intellect reels at the prospect, and what seems a horn of plenty brings dire disaster. Seeing that gulls and gannets know no better, we are not surprised to hear of a John Dory, stuffed to the very mouth, floating helplessly on the surface of the water, unable to escape from a flock of sea birds which have deprived it of its eyesight and will quickly take away its life.

A snake which thrusts its head through the palings to seize an unwary frog and finds itself unable to draw back again with the frog in its throat has wit enough to disgorge the amphibian and to deftly draw it through by the leg so as to swallow it on the safe side of the palings. But probably a snake which happened to be on the wrong side, in company with a frog, would consume it on the premises and so render itself incapable of wriggling through the bars.—Longman's.

Modest Charity.

They were discussing charity in the drawing room, and one of the gentlemen was inveighing with some sarcasm against benevolent folk who make donations and have their names published in the papers.

"Nearly all charitable acts," he said eloquently, "have pride or vanity as their motive. For my part I hate ostentation. I remember once when I was traveling through a part of the country where I was not known I came upon a lonely little station, where in the waiting room there was fastened to the wall a contribution box for the benefit of the sufferers through recent inundations."

"There was not a soul there, not a person in the neighborhood knew of my presence or was acquainted with my name, and I went and dropped a goldpiece into the box and slipped away unseen. Now, sir, what I contend is that my secret offering was a more meritorious one than if it had been made on a public subscription list with a loud flourish of trumpets." "You are right," said a listener. "That was genuine modest charity, and I don't wonder you brag of it."

The Motion of a Swimming Fish.

One of the most recent applications of chrono photography—by which is meant photography applied by means of a series of short and rapid exposures to the representation of moving objects in successive positions—has been devised in France for the study of the swimming motions of fish. A rayfish was chosen as the subject of investigation, and the successive photographs were taken at intervals of one-tenth of a second. They show completely the movement of the fins and present a similarity to the photographs that have been obtained of the motions of the wings of a flying bird.

The swimming action begins with a lifting of the front part of the fin. This lifting motion runs rapidly backward along the fin, the front part being in the meantime depressed once more, and just before the motion ceases at the tail the movement recommences at the front end of the fin.

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J. STEDMAN, MANAGING EDITOR.

Entered at the Boston Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

THURSDAY, MAR. 19, 1903.

THE BLIND PLEADING FOR THE BLIND.

There are more than four thousand blind persons in Massachusetts, 86 per cent of them adults. Up to the present, these have been almost entirely neglected by the state. It is now proposed to appoint a commission to investigate the condition of the adult blind. At a hearing at the state house, attended last week by two hundred persons many urgent and eloquent pleas were made in behalf of the blind.

But the most powerful, as it was the most pathetic, was that of Miss Helen Keller, herself both deaf and blind, who spoke (although she has never heard her own or any other voice), in favor of the bill. Miss Keller said: "It is terrible to be blind and to be uneducated; but it is worse for the blind who have finished their education to be idle. . . . If the commonwealth will establish a commission to place the blind in positions of self-support, it will be doing three things,—helping the blind, relieving itself of the burden of caring for them, and setting an example to other states. Already Massachusetts has delayed too long in a work in which she should lead. It is not higher education that the blind need, it is not Greek and Latin, but an industrial training, and some one with influence and authority to help them to a place in the industrial world."

It was an eloquent appeal, but the personality and history of the speaker are more moving and convincing than even the forcible words she spoke.

As affecting were the presence and the plea of Judge Bumpus of Quincy, who came to speak for the bill, because his own son was blind from six years of age. After a few years at the Perkins institution, the boy fitted for college in a school with boys who could see, graduated from Harvard college and law school with honor, was admitted to the bar and was just coming into practice when he died.

The tenderness of the father lent force to the wise counsel of the publicist, and none will fail to realize the reasonableness and humanity of the judge's appeal: "Lift them up where they belong, on a level of opportunity with the rest of us."

THE FETTER OF PROTECTION.

Another instance of the absurdity of the application of the tariff laws has just occurred. Nearly 400 ancient Spanish cannon, which once formed part of the armament of Morro Castle and other Cuban fortresses, were bought from the Spanish government at the close of the war at their value as old brass and bronze. From a military standpoint they are valueless, and only to be classed as "junk."

But the appraisers adjudged them liable to 45 per cent ad valorem duty, as "manufactured articles," and the U. S. Court of Appeals has sustained the appraisers. Both the court and the customs officers are no doubt right, and have faithfully done their duty and honestly interpreted the law.

What "infant industry" is threatened by the admission of these old guns. They cannot be used safely even by the boys in a fourth of July celebration. They have no value but as objects of interest. They may be classed as curious, worthy of preservation to serve in future days as an illustration of a certain important episode in the history of this country. The government is not so poor as to need the forty-five cents on the dollar of their "manufactured" value.

But the high protectionist is afraid lest his Chinese wall should be punctured. Yet the imposition of duty on such things as are unique objects of art,—pictures, statues, relics and the like—which has no relation to the abstract theory of tariff, whether for protection or revenue only,—must be seen to be as unnecessary as it is ridiculous.

What mercantile interest would be injured by the admission of a picture by Titian, or a statue by Michael Angelo, or an illuminated manuscript of the medieval age, or an ancient book? The whole people are the poorer by the exclusion of such treasures. The doors should be thrown wide open to all that would enrich the art-possessions of the country, and that would be of educational value alike to the artist and the mechanic, while a constant delight to the men and women of America.

There can be no competition with the trade of this country in articles that cannot be obtained or produced here. As it is, the student must pay a duty on the book which he must import because they are not and cannot be published here; the lover of art must pay a duty on works that have no duplicate and cannot be duplicated. The intellectual and artistic development of the American people must be retarded, if not arrested, for the sake of a theory which has no more claim to reverence or regard than certain superstitions which have sometimes

disfigured and enfeebled religious beliefs. We constantly plead for fair play and observance of the golden rule. We plead also for the exercise of a little common sense on the part of those who make our laws and administer our affairs. In the last analysis the two things will be found in absolute harmony. To play the game fair is as good policy as it is sound ethics.

REFORM IN RUSSIA.

No more important item of news has been recently announced than that which comes to us from Russia.

The Czar has issued a decree, the two main features of which are the granting freedom of religion throughout the empire, and establishing a measure of local self government in the towns and villages. Steps are to be taken also to relieve the peasantry of the burdens of forced labor.

This edict is the most important act of imperial power since the emancipation of the serfs. In the passage relating to religious freedom the czar says: "We have deemed it expedient to strengthen and decree the un-deviating observance of the principles of tolerance laid down by the fundamental laws of the Russian empire, which, recognizing the Orthodox [Greek] church as the ruling one, grant to all our subjects of other religions and to all foreign persuasions freedom of creed and worship in accordance with other rites." Although no religion is mentioned by name, it would seem that this declaration includes Jews as well as members of Christian communions. The czar has thus added a new lustre to his reign, already illuminated by his wise and largely successful endeavors in the interests of universal peace, in the establishment of the Hague tribunal. The world moves. The clearing skies above Erin's isle, and the promise of civil and religious liberty to the long-oppressed people of Russia are significant and auspicious signs of the times.

We can see no valid reason why a veteran of the Spanish war able and competent to fill a government position, should not be entitled to preference, other things being equal, in the distribution of public patronage. It seems that the movement against giving them preference is mainly that there were so many who did not perform any real service. However these men enlisted and stood ready to obey the call to duty for the honor of this country, and when a public plum is to be given why is not the one who volunteers his health and very life for his country in time of need, more entitled to the reward than the one staid at home because "there were so many foreigners in the service with whom he did not care to associate." These are the "gilt-edge" sons of people more fortunate than others in the possession of wealth who now want the public positions and refuse to recognize the first claim of one who would fight for his country in war, as quickly as hold down a stool in a clerical job in time of peace. The old soldiers of the U. S. A. R., are marching on and many who risked life and health equally as capable, has starved while others, who in the strenuous days of '61 sent substitutes, hold government positions and live in comparative luxury. Even though the Spanish war veterans saw little or no actual warfare they stood in readiness, on them the country depended. Many gave up good and lucrative positions risked health and life for the cause and returned to find their position occupied by another and sought inferior positions. With other conditions equal give the preference to the man who has his country's welfare at heart enough to fight for it.

ARLINGTON

The minstrel show which the Arlington Boat club was planning to give this spring, has been postponed until the fall, on account of the lateness of the season.

Representative Stone was in attendance before the committee on insurance at a hearing upon house bill 994, which is an act to provide a fund for the Massachusetts State Firemen's association for firemen's pensions in cities and towns, and for the aid of veteran firemen's associations. The bill was very poorly presented by those directly interested and was strenuously opposed by the active fire workers, whose reasons were that these veteran firemen's associations now-a-days are composed mostly of young men—athletes, as the firemen call them—interested chiefly in musters and prize contests. Those to benefit by the act are those who "at any time" have been members, that is; if members for three months, even they are veterans. The real firemen and veterans of years' service are perfectly satisfied with the existing law which makes due provision for them. And for this reason the committee will probably not report the bill, and any effort of our representative in behalf of the Arlington Veteran Firemen will be unsuccessful.

PLEASANT STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Miss Minnie Smith lead the Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at the church last Sunday evening.

The music last Sunday morning was exceptionally good, the quartette being assisted by a chorus of young ladies.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

Sunday next, fourth (Mid-Lent) Sunday in Lent. Morning prayer and sermon at 10.30 a.m.; evening prayer and sermon at 4.30 p.m.

Bible class for women under direction of Mrs. A. C. Haddon, on Thursday at 3 o'clock. Lenten sewing circle Thursday at 2 o'clock.

Lenten service, Wednesday evening, 7.45 p.m. Preacher, Rev. George L. Paine of Dorchester.

MAN KILLING HORSE

THE WAY HE ACQUIRED HIS HATRED FOR HUMANKIND.

It All Began With the Cruel Treatment He Received in His Childhood. Vicious Incidents That Marked His Downward Career.

The development of a vicious horse from an innocent colt is described by Sewell Ford in one of the stories in "Horses Nine." The colt's disposition was first spoiled by ignorant and cruel handling on the farm of one Perkins. Then he was sold, and his subsequent career is thus pictured:

In the weeks during which he trailed over the fruit district of southern Michigan in the wake of the horse buyer Blue Blazes learned nothing good and much that was ill. He finished the trip with raw hocks, a hoof print on his flank and tooth marks on neck and withers. Horses led in a bunch do not improve in disposition.

Some of the scores the blue roan colt paid in kind, some he did not, but he learned the game of give and take. Men and horses alike, he concluded, were against him. If he would hold his own, he must be ready with teeth and hoofs. Especially he carried with him always a black, furious hatred of man in general.

So he went about with ears laid back, the whites of his eyes showing and a bite or a kick ready in any emergency. Day by day the hate in him deepened until it became the master passion. A quick footfall behind him was enough to send his heels flying as though they had been released by a hair trigger. He kicked first and investigated afterward. The mere sight of a man within reaching distance roused all his ferocity.

Toward his own kind Blue Blazes bore himself defiantly. Double harness was something he loathed. One was not free to work his will on the despised driver if hampered by a pole and mate. In such cases he nipped manes and kicked under the traces until released. He had a special antipathy for gray horses and fought them on the smallest provocation or upon none at all.

As a result, Blue Blazes, while knowing no masters, had many owners, sometimes three in a single week. He began his career by filling a three months' engagement as a livery horse, but after he had run away a dozen times, wrecked several carriages and disabled a hostler he was sold for half his purchase price.

Then did he enter upon his wanderings in real earnest. He pulled street cars, delivery wagons, drays and ash carts. He was sold to unsuspecting farmers, who, when his evil traits cropped out, swapped him unceremoniously and with ingenious prevarication by the roadside. In the natural course of events he was much punished.

Up and across the southern peninsula of Michigan he drifted contentiously, growing more vicious with each encounter, more daring after each victory. In Muskegon he sent the driver of a grocery wagon to the hospital with a shoulder bite requiring cauterization and four stitches. In Manistee he broke the small bones in the leg of a baker's large boy. In Cadillac a boarding stable hostler struck him with an iron shovel. Blue Blazes kicked the hostler quite accurately and very suddenly through a window.

Between Cadillac and Kalaska he spent several lively weeks with farmers. Most of them tried various taming processes. Some escaped with bruises and some suffered serious injury. At Alpena he found an owner, who, having read something very convincing in a horse trainer's book, elaborately strapped the roan's legs according to diagram and then went into the stall to wreak vengeance with a riding whip. Blue Blazes accepted one cut, after which he crushed the avenger against the plank partition until three of the man's ribs were broken. The Alpena man was fished from under the roan's hoofs just in time to save his life.

This incident earned Blue Blazes the name of "man killer," and it stuck. He even figured in the newspaper dispatches. "Blue Blazes, the Michigan Man Killer," "The Ugliest Horse Alive," "Alpena's Equine Outlaw"—these were some of the headlines. The Perkins method had borne fruit.

The Barred Road.

"There is only one road to success in life," said the man who had made his lucky and retired.

"And how shall I know the road?" inquired the budding young man.

"Well," replied the man with the lucky, "you go right along this path of adversity until you reach the first turn to the right."

"Yes, yes."

"And you'll find a road barred off with a gate and a sign that says 'No Trespassing.' Well, that's it."—Baltimore News.

Her Own Idea.

"Your daughter," said Mrs. Oldcastle after being conducted through the newly finished wing of the magnificent palace occupied by the Bullingtons, "has such a splendid vocabulary."

"Do you think so?" her hostess replied. "Josiah wanted to get her one of them escritoires, but I made up my mind right at the start that a vocabulary would look better in a room furnished like hers is even if it didn't cost quite as much."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Knew What He Meant.

"That grocer of ours speaks the most fragmentary English of any one I ever heard," said Mr. Precise.

"You mean 'broken English,' my dear," corrected Mrs. Precise. "You know he is a German."

"I mean fragmentary," repeated Mr. Precise. "The man stutters."—Judge.

QUAINT LONDON LEGACIES.

Some of Them Show the Old Time Estimate of Sermons.

Some curious glimpses into the life of old London are afforded by the reports made in the charity commission on the endowed charities in the county of London. For instance, in the reports dealing with the city parishes we have an estimate of the value set on sermons by city men in olden times. That estimate varied from 5 shillings to £1 10s. One Thomas Bright had left a bequest for a sermon to be preached on the 5th of November every time it fell on a Sunday, the minister to get 13s. 4d., the clerk 3s. 4d. and the sexton 1s. 4d. But David Gittin had a more modest idea of the value of a sermon in the same parish. He required two sermons for 10 shillings, one to be preached on the second Sunday in Advent and the other on the second Sunday in Lent. The reader got 2 shillings, the churchwarden 2s. 8d. and the poor sexton fourpence for each occasion. John Ireland thought 13s. 4d. enough for two sermons.

In 1690 John Winn left a curious bequest to the parish of St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf. A pound was set apart for an annual sermon, the text to be taken from the fifth chapter of St. John and the twenty-seventh verse. He also left enough to buy twelve penny loaves for twelve poor people of the parish who attended a sermon every Friday in the parish church. But he expected more for his pound than the annual sermon, for before or after the sermon the minister had to spend an hour examining or instructing the poor people in the Christian doctrine.

The most generous donor of the preacher was James Wood, who thought a sermon in St. Nicholas-Cole-Abbey was worth £1 10s. every alternate year. In 1625 he bequeathed to the Company of Bowyers a sum to enable them, among other things, to repair to the parish church named, after they had sworn in their wardens and master every second year, there to hear a sermon and pay the parson £1 10s. and the clerk and sexton 1s. 5d. each. In the parish of St. Michael Bassishaw one Edward Heylin in the eighteenth century left money the interest on which was to be applied to purchasing two sixpenny loaves each Sunday for two poor men or women who should attend divine service.—London News.

IN MEXICO.

School children study their lessons aloud.

The chambermaids at hotels are all chamber men.

The best grades of coffee are sold at tobacco stores.

The Mexican meal consists of more kinds of meat than vegetables.

Railways, street cars and cabs all provide three classes of conveyance.

In the cities real estate is sold by the square meter instead of the front foot.

Fruit and vegetables are not sold by measure, but by the dozen or by weight.

Many tailors take the clothes of their customers to the patron's home to try them on.

Mexican men of the lower classes wear the biggest hats in the world, the women none at all.

Sunday is the great amusement day. All big entertainments are reserved for this general holiday.

Theater managers are fined if they do not produce the cast and features advertised.—Modern Mexico.

Discovering a Gold Mine.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848 and in Colorado in 1858. The discovery was accidental in both cases, and the fact created the impression that mines were "lying around loose." Adventurers drifted about in hope of "stumbling upon a mine." Mr. Thayer in his "Marvels of the New West" mentions several instances of lucky "stumbling." Three men while looking for gold in California discovered the dead body of a man who evidently had been prospecting. "Poor fellow!" said one of the trio. "He has passed in his checks." "Let's give him a decent burial," said another. "Some wife or mother will be glad if ever she knows it." They began to dig a grave. Three feet below the surface they discovered signs of gold. The stranger was buried in another place, and where they had located, a grave they opened a gold mine.

Tea Drunkards.

Tea drunkards are nearly as numerous as opium fiends and social gamblers among our less guarded maids and matrons of the idle aristocracy of wealth. It is a terrible dissipation. Some of the victims boil the tea until every bit of the quercitanic acid is extracted from the leaves, which renders the beverage bitter and dangerous. It is so astringent that no mucous membrane can readily overcome its effect. Women who revel and luxuriate like it because it is a good "pick me up."—New York Press.

Willing to Try.

"For the first year of our married life, dear," said the young man who was poor, but had prospects, "we shall have to live principally on love."

"Well, people can live on spoon victuals, can't they, George?" she said, snuggling closer to him.—Chicago Tribune.

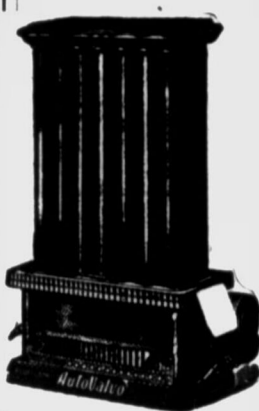
Thought It Might Be.

Mrs. Newrocks—I'm determined that Cynthia's debut shall pass off with great eclat.

Mr. Newrocks—What's eclat, Maria—expense?—Puck.

"If you are in doubt," says Talleyrand, "whether to write a letter or not, don't!" And the advice applies to many doubts in life besides that of letter writing.—Bulwer.

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You will find many suggestions for Holiday Presents by examination of our stock.
All Repairing Guaranteed.
Store at Post Office, Lexington.

H. Y. SMITH,
Periodicals, Confectionery, Cigars, Boston
and New York Newspapers, Boots,
Shoes, Bicycles, Gentle-
men's Furnishings.
MASSACHUSETTS AVE., LEXINGTON.
Opposite Post Office.
LEXINGTON ENTERPRISE.

SEND US YOUR

Bicycle, Motor Bicycle, Carriage or Automobile Tires to be Repaired.

We can vulcanize 1 1-4 inch Bicycle Tires up to and including a 3 inch Automobile Tire.
Lawn Mowers sharpened by machinery, the only proper way.

FISKE BROS., GENERAL REPAIRERS.

HONEST WEIGHT - QUALITY THE BEST

I have added to the DEERFOOT FARM PRODUCTS sold by me,

PURE LEAF LARD

In 3, 5 and 10 lb. Pails.

This is the only Lard sold in pails where the consumer gets net weight.
When buying DEERFOOT you do not pay for the package.

CREAM, BACON, SAUSAGE, LARD.

G. W. SPAULDING,
Massachusetts Avenue, Lexington.

Do You Suffer with Wet or Cold Feet?

If so call in and get fitted with Rubbers, Arctics or Overshoes, or in fact any style of

Fine, Fashionable Footwear.
F. O. NELSON,
SHERBURNE BLOCK, MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
We Give Green Trading Stamps.

The Italian Peasant.
The Italian peasant girl as soon as she has learned to spin and sew begins to make her wedding trousseau. Thence piece by piece it grows, and she has put into it all her finest stitchery and sweetest thoughts. As soon as she is a bride she makes a bag of fine muslin. This she begins to fill with rose leaves. Each year adds its share. When she dies, perhaps an old woman full of years, it is this rose pillow that her head rests on. In this calm acceptance of and preparation for the great events of life, such as marriage and death, there are time and soil for the blossoming of fancy which we, stumbling, hit and miss, through life, do not furnish.

Why Dumas Laughed.
Sir Richard Wallace once heard the elder Dumas laughing boisterously in his study and was told by a servant that Dumas was working and that he often laughed like that at his work. It turned out that the great novelist was "in company with one of his own characters, at whose sallies he was simply roaring." But this was years ago, when imagination went hand in hand with animal spirits. It would be difficult to imagine one of the modern intense, realistic, analytical school so easily diverted.

Tommy's Quick Answer.
"Tommy," said an uncle to his precocious nephew, "your mother tells me she has to give you pennies to be good. Do you think that is as things should be?"
"Of course it is," replied Tommy. "You certainly don't want me to grow up and be good for nothing, do you, uncle?"—Chums.

Quite Fabulous.
"That foreign gentleman is said to have fabulous wealth."
"That's what it is," answered Mr. Cumrox; "fabulous wealth. I don't believe \$50 of it is genuine."—Washington

LEXINGTON.

The Lexington Golf club has elected H. H. Putman, secretary, and is also making preparations for an active golf season.

The stone crusher at the junction of the state road and Waltham street, is again in working order and ready for business.

B. T. Baud of Cottage street has an announcement in the advertising columns regarding care of lawns, worth your attention.

Mrs. Dalrymple of Hill street, is at the Massachusetts General Hospital, where she will undergo an operation for blood poisoning.

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The many friends of Mrs. John W. Griffin of Fletcher avenue, will be pleased to hear that she is very much improved in health, and is able to be out and enjoy the spring air.

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Guests at the Leslie the past week were: W. L. Abbott, Lawrence; H. P. Bontewell, Dorchester; C. H. Taylor, Wellesley; Chas. W. Palfrey, Lynn; John Ashdown, Malden; J. D. Swan and wife, Revere; P. J. Root, Lowell, Robert W. Carter, Maynard.

Thomas W. Good, chairman of the Cambridge board of alderman, and who is deputy of Lexington council K. of C., will be the installing officer at the installation of Dennis F. Hinchey, the newly elected grand knight of the local council.

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Miss Clothier, an eloquent and estimable lady, whose home is in Colorado, addressed the members of the "Lend-a-Hand," at the Unitarian church last Wednesday afternoon, March 11. Miss Clothier has made a most enviable name for herself in her native state, as a charitable worker along decidedly practical lines. Many a person who has found him or herself alone in the western country has reason to bless the work of Miss Clothier.

The card party at Emerson hall last Wednesday evening was a very pleasant affair. The teachers of the Adams school, assisted by Miss Pierce, were the hosts, and their guests were the teachers in the other schools. Miss Miller of Boston rendered some beautiful solos, and Miss Fannie Kauffmann presided at the piano. The affair was a small one, but left nothing to be desired in the way of enjoyment, by all who graced the occasion with their presence.

The writ of quo warranto, secured by Homer Albers, counsel for the petitioners, in proceedings against the present board of selectmen, was returnable Tuesday morning, before a single justice. H. G. Allen appears for the selectmen, and Mr. Albers represents the attorney general, who has allowed the use of his name in bringing the proceedings. The case will be fought to the last ditch by both sides, and as both are confident of their positions an interesting legal battle is anticipated.

Have you ever enjoyed the beautiful view from Kinnear hill in N. Lexington? If you have not, and can spare the time, just take this two mile walk from the centre of the town or battle ground, and enjoy a scenic picture, that for range of vision, and beauty of landscape, cannot be excelled in this vicinity. The surrounding country on all sides can be plainly seen upon a clear day. Forests of pine and oak meet the gaze as one looks toward the distant hills, while in the valleys and pastures below, can be discerned small herds of cattle grazing, and in the summer time, when the crops appear above mother earth, the scene is one of surpassing beauty.

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LEXINGTON.

Harry Peabody of Bedford street, has left town for a short vacation.

The Misses Kramer of Bedford street, entertained a few friends at whist, last Wednesday afternoon. After whist the guests enjoyed a dainty lunch.

The ladies of Lexington, many of them connected with various patriotic organizations, were entertained by Mrs. Edwin H. Crosby of Boston, last Thursday afternoon. Rev. C. A. Staples read a paper of unusual interest, on Thomas Hancock. Letters of request were received from prominent people including Mrs. Roger Wolcott and Rev. T. A. Heorton.

The annual cafe concert of the Lend-a-Hand, will be held on Saturday evening, April 4, at the Old Belfry club. The program promises to be one of unusual excellence, and will include vocal and instrumental music, and will conclude with a farce by local talent.

Mrs. John S. Spaulding who has resigned as a teacher in grade two of the Hancock school, leaves her position with kindest wishes of her former pupils, and it is with regret that the School Board, are obliged to part with her services, after many years of good and faithful work.

We hope that Supt. of schools, Porter, will decide to stay in Lexington, instead of going to the Quaker city, where we understand that he has an offer of an increased salary to take charge of the public schools in Philadelphia. His brief sojourn here has been very pleasant, and his work gives promise of great good to our schools, which is alike creditable to him, and at the same time, reflects the good judgement of the school committee.

The Monday club met at the home of Mrs. Theodore Robinson on Oakland street, last Monday afternoon, and the members were treated to a literary feast of great excellence. Although the papers read excelled the usual number still each and every one of them possessed points of great merit. The list of papers included, "The Causes of the War of 1812," "Principal Naval Engagements," "Indian Hostilities," "Jackson's Campaigns in the South," "The Hartford Conventions," and "Results of the War." The ladies who contributed to this most excellent program were Mrs. Harris, Miss Whitman, Miss Goodwin, Miss Ballard, Miss Stevens, and Miss Tufts.

LEXINGTON LITERARY UNION.

The Friday club, entertained the members of the Lexington club, at Old Belfry club last Tuesday afternoon, March 10. Mrs. Francis P. Kendall of Waltham street, had charge of the musical part of the program, and a most excellent entertainment was the result. Mrs. Porter wife of the supt. of schools gave a piano solo of her own composition, which it elicited great applause. Miss Florence Emery of Quincy, was most favorably received as the vocal soloist of the afternoon. Miss DeOllough won all hearts by her expression upon the piano. Altogether it was a red letter day for both the Friday club, and the Literary union.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At the last meeting of the Historical society the following officers were elected: President, Rev. Charles F. Carter; vice-presidents, F. C. Childs, Charles G. Kauffman, H. Reed, Miss G. E. Harrington, Miss E. S. Parker; treasurer, Leonard A. Saville; recording secretary, Irving P. Fox; historian, Rev. C. A. Staples; corresponding secretary, George O. Smith; custodian, Dr. F. S. Piper; house committee, Rev. C. A. Staples, George O. Whiting, A. C. Washburn, Cornelius Wellington, Mrs. E. B. Lane, Miss M. A. Munroe; committee on publications, A. S. Parsons, J. P. Munroe, Rev. C. A. Staples, Miss M. E. Hudson, Irving P. Fox.

Mrs. W. D. Muzzey read a very interesting paper on "Colonial Industries," treating the subject in an exhaustive manner, showing how the early settlers manufactured useful articles for home use, before the introduction of modern machinery. The paper was paid great attention by all present.

The treasurer's report showed \$600 in the treasury, and Dr. Piper reported finding a lot of sermons of Jonas Clark, among them the original documents incorporating the town of Lexington, and other papers of great interest to the society. A list of deaths kept by Jonathan Harrington, the last survivor of the battle of Lexington, was also presented to the society by Mrs. Harrison Prince. The annual reunion of the society will be held April 19.

Hyphen Succeeds Hymen.

The Professor—They have traveled safely along the happy journey until now their hopes are about to be realized.

Mrs. Malaprop—Yes, Cupid, the god of love, must now give way to Hyphen, the god of matrimony.—Kansas City Journal.

Humility is the virtue all preach, none practices, and yet everybody is content to hear.—Selden.

Mind is that which perceives, feels, remembers, acts and is conscious of continued existence.

EAST LEXINGTON.

The water main on Sylvia street, which burst last week has been repaired.

The old carriage shop of A. S. Mitchell, has been taken by Frank E. Smith, who proposes to conduct a carriage painting shop at the old stand.

Clarence McDonald of East Lexington entertained his brother last week, who stopped off on his way to his home in Nova Scotia.

A little daughter came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Sim of Fern street, last week, another ray of sunshine to an already large and happy family.

The meeting of the Friday club at the home of Mrs. M. A. Pero last Friday, was a decided success. Mrs. Pero read a paper on "A Trip to Washington," detailing her experience during a journey to the Capitol, during the last G. A. R. encampment. Miss Brigham also contributed a paper dealing with woman's work, which was listened to with marked attention. The piano playing of Miss Mattie Spaulding, was one of the features of the musical program, and delighted all. Mrs. Pero sustained her reputation as a delightful hostess, by serving the most dainty of lunches.

BOSTON HORSE SHOW.

Reginald Vanderbilt and Alfred Vanderbilt, the two young millionaire sportsmen of New York and Newport, have entered a large number of harness horses and polo ponies for the Boston Horse Show. This will be the first time the Vanderbilts have sought tan bark honors in Boston, although they have been prominent at other large shows on the circuit, including the National at Madison Square Garden and the yearly show at the Newport Casino. Alfred Vanderbilt is one of the best amateur coachmen in this country. He is a clever four-in-hand driver, and he owns several crack road fours. He will also show his own polo ponies against the mounts of the Dedham and Myopia polo players. Reginald Vanderbilt has thus far confined his entries to the heavy harness classes. The show will be unusually strong this year in amateur exhibitors and some lively competitions are expected when the bugle call sounds in Mechanic's Building on April 20.

The Prickly Pear of Africa.
Mischievous though the prickly pear is, it is not without its good qualities. Its juicy fruit, though rather deficient in flavor, is delightfully cool and refreshing in the dry heat of the summer, and a kind of treacle is made of it. Great caution is needed in peeling the prickly pear, the proper way being to impale the fruit on a fork or stick while you cut it open and remove the skin, and woe betide the fingers of the unwary "new chum" who plucks the treacherous fruit.

In dry weather at the cape these spiteful little stings do not even wait for the newly arrived victim, but fly about, light as thistledown, ready to impale the fruit on a fork or stick while you cut it open and remove the skin, and woe betide the fingers of the unwary "new chum" who plucks the treacherous fruit.

The Gallant Leonidas.
"Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "did you hear that lecture in which it was stated that the fact that Adam arrived on earth before Eve indicated that men should assume a certain precedence over women?"
"I did," was the somewhat icy reply.
"Isn't it absurd? It simply shows that Adam was expected to get the garden in shape for Eve's comfort, just as the modern man gets up in the morning and lights the fire."—Washington Star.

The Credit They Give You.
"What is success?" asked the man with a liking for the abstruse.
"Success," answered the cynical friend, "is something that impels your old acquaintances to smile significantly and remark, 'A fool for luck.'"

Comparisons.
Miles—That fellow Puffen reminds me of a bass drum.
Giles—Hand it to me slowly. I'm troubled with ingrowing nerves.
Miles—He makes a lot of noise, but there's nothing in him.

Had Proved It.
"A great deal may be said on the subject," said the prolix person.
"That," said the weary auditor, "is the one point on which you have convinced me."—Washington Star.

Matched.
Towne—Met Gabbie and Perkins at a smoker last night and introduced them to each other.
Brown—Oh, say, it's a shame to introduce a bore like Gabbie to anybody.
Towne—It's evident you don't know Perkins or you'd see the humor of it.

Criticizing His Own.
"But, my dear husband, it really is unjust of you to abuse mothers-in-law so. There are good ones."
"Well, well; never mind. I haven't said anything against yours. It's only mine I'm grumbling about."—Boston Traveler.

STANTON'S IRISH STEW.

A Story of the Great War Secretary as Told by His Bodyguard.

An attempt by Secretary of War Stanton to cook an Irish stew while holding the war department office against the removal order of President Andrew Johnson is one of many anecdotes related by Louis Koerth, at the period mentioned the great war secretary's bodyguard.

Feb. 21, 1868, President Johnson appointed General Lorenzo Thomas secretary of war ad interim, but the power of removal having been taken by the tenure of office act from the president, Mr. Stanton refused to resign or to vacate the office of secretary.

He camped in the office, determined to hold it until the result of the impeachment proceedings against the president, which were then pending in the senate, should be determined. For sixty days Mr. Stanton held "the fort," and during that period his faithful bodyguard, ex-Sergeant Louis Koerth, then in the United States general service, assigned to the war department, kept him company.

On the day in which Mr. Stanton received the official notification of his removal by the president he made immediate preparations for a siege. He dispatched Sergeant Koerth to Mrs. Stanton for blankets and pillows, but that lady refused to send them, insisting that the secretary should come home and give up the office.

Mr. Stanton smiled on receiving her message and simply said:

"Koerth, go to your own house and bring blankets, pillows and such cooking utensils as we may need."

The Irish stew was the first effort of the secretary and his bodyguard. Koerth, being a German, needed instructions in the mysteries of preparing the savory stew, and the secretary named the various ingredients, which he ordered the servant to purchase.

Both men had spent a busy and laboriously exciting day, and both were tired out when the pot was put on the fire to cook the stew.

The consequence was that the great war secretary and his bodyguard fell asleep. The secretary was the first to be awakened by the smell of the burning stew.

"Koerth, Koerth! Wake up, man!" shouted Mr. Stanton. "The stew is burning!"

Koerth sprang to his feet, but, alas, too late to save Mr. Stanton's Irish stew. It was burned and smoking, while the pot was a glowing red. Ruefully the secretary rolled himself up in his blankets on the sofa and went to sleep for the night sleepless.—Washington Post.

POULTRY POINTERS.

A healthy fowl will drink fifteen or twenty times a day.

Sharp gravel should always be supplied to fowls that are fattened in close confinement.

Box nests are all right if made large enough, the size depending upon the breed of fowls.

Linseed meal is excellent as an egg producing meal, but it should be fed in connection with coarse or bulky foods.

Soft eggs laid before the shell has formed are caused by overfeeding. Give less food and more pounded shells or limewater.

A varied diet for poultry is a necessary help to their general health and has much to do with their value as breeders.

If disease appears and resists remedies, it is better to begin with new stock than to breed from those that have been sick a long time.

A light, sandy soil is always best for a poultry yard. A heavy clay soil is always damp and, unless care is taken, will cause roup, while a sandy soil, being dry, will promote warmth.

Appreciated Himself.

A little boy while playing near the Serpentine fell into the water. An Irish laborer who was passing at the time courageously jumped into the water, clothes and all, and rescued the boy, says Spare Moments.

A lady who had observed the brave deed went up to Pat and, shaking his hand, said:

"I feel it an honor, my brave man, to shake hands with you. Many a worse man than you has been presented at court."

"Faith, you're roight, mhm," replied Pat as he proceeded to wring the water out of his coat. "Th' last time Oi was presinted at court Oi only got one month, while me mate got two, begorra!"

Saved by the Soloist.

An old lady who at the best was certainly not very musical attended church one morning a little while ago. During the service an anthem was sung by the choir, during which a certain Mr. Wood rendered a solo. When returning home, the old lady remarked to a friend:

"Dear, dear! What a mess they made of that anthem, to be sure. Why, if it had not been for Mr. Wood they would have broken down entirely in one part."—London Standard.

PIERCE & WINN CO.,
DEALERS IN
**Coal, Wood,
Hay, Straw,**
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MAINSPRINGS.
We put them in your watch very carefully for 35c. while you wait, and if it breaks you can have another free of charge within one year. Come in and get acquainted with us.
COLLINS, 791 Washington St.
The Hollis St. Theatre is rear of our store

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taken internally that is absolutely guaranteed to cure is the
WINCHESTER PILE CURE
\$1.00 PER BOTTLE.
For sale by
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MEDFORD, MASS.

Preserve Health
by doing away with the harbingers of disease germs.
Abolish carpets and substitute Parquet Floors.
Cheap as a carpet and more durable, will not hold disease germs, and can be laid over any floor.
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Nuts and Confectionery for the Holiday Trade.

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All orders left with F. R. Daniels will be promptly attended to.
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Residence: 106 Franklin Street.
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15 p. m., Boston 10.30 a. m., Northern
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4.00 p. m., Northern 3.30 p. m., Boston
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from using morphine, whiskey and tobacco. You can be easily cured at home with a small amount. Treatment is painless. Address,
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ARLINGTON, MASS.
Mortgagee's Sale.

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Caleb M. Smith, of Cambridge, to Mattie M. Gibbs of Watertown, dated July 5, 1901, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, book 2948, page 596, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing, the same will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on Monday the 6th day of April, 1903, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described as follows, viz: The following parcel of land situated in that part of Lexington and Arlington, in the County of Middlesex, being lots numbered 27 and 28, of plan of "Dexter Hillside," dated April 14th, 1896, by C. A. Pearson, and recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book of plans No. 96, plan numbered 2. Lots are bounded and described as follows: Northerly by lot No. 26, 80 feet, westerly by land of owner unknown, 80 feet, southerly by lot No. 29, 80 feet, easterly by Sylvia street, 80 feet, containing 6400 square feet, more or less. Said premises are conveyed subject to the same restrictions contained in deed of Mary S. Canterbury, to me dated June 12th, 1900, recorded in Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds in Libro 2827, folio 74.
Said premises will be sold subject to any tax sales, unpaid taxes or municipal liens or assessments whatsoever.
Terms: \$100 cash to be paid by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms at sale.
HENRY S. McPHERSON,
Assignee and present owner and holder of said mortgage.
Gaston, Snow & Saltonstall, Attorneys,
70 State Street, Boston.
Mar. 12-19-03.

BELMONT.
Only three miles from Harvard square, situated in one of the most beautiful parts of the country, with good roads, and most desirable and slightly building places, still is isolated from all her neighbors, for want of street railway accommodations. The talk of the proposed doing away of grade crossings has now assumed tangible shape, so much so, that a commission has been appointed by the courts, to take the matter under consideration, and ere long some practical plan will no doubt be presented, that will include among other things, a system of electric. We recognize that perhaps a line of electric in our town, would not be relished, particularly by some of our residents, but at the same time the march of progress, has seized upon the surrounding country, and at no distant day, it is bound to reach Belmont. There is much to be said in favor of electric, that no matter how much opposition there may have been to their introduction into a town, once there, the people would not part with them. Belmont, beautiful Belmont, cannot much longer remain hidden behind its magnificent oaks, it must come into the line of progress and electric.
A number of robins singing sweetly on Adams street, last Thursday, made it plain that Spring has at last made its appearance.
The selectmen met this week, and organized with the choice of Thomas W. Davis as chairman, and W. L. Chenery as clerk.
Last Sunday morning the pastor, Rev. Mr. Reed, preached to a large congregation on "The Power of the Fellow Feeling."
A little boy, and a charming one at that, has come to brighten the pleasant home of Rev. Elbridge C. Whiting on Oak street.
Henry Clapp, the noted Shakesperian scholar, gave a lecture in the Town hall last Wednesday evening, taking for his subject the well known play, "The Merchant of Venice." It is needless to say that he had a large and appreciative audience.
The Belmont Dramatic club will present "School," a four act comedy, in the Town hall, Belmont, on Tuesday evening, March 24, at 8 o'clock. Tickets, 50 and 75 cents, may be obtained of members of the club or of Mr. La Bonte.
The debating society of the High school held its annual entertainment in the Belmont Town hall Friday evening. A chorus by members of the school rendered a number of excellent selections, and then followed recitations and declamations for prizes. The entertainment, which was a great success, concluded with the farce, "My Lord in Livery."

WAVERLEY.
Harry E. Robbins has moved from Whitney street to Cambridge.
William C. Trowbridge of Waverley street has been summoned to Vermont on account of the serious illness of his father in that state.
William K. Grimes has again been elected secretary, and Martin Troy treasurer of the democratic town committee.
The town has a gang of men employed this week trimming the trees about the town, particularly along Trapelo road.
The Ladies' Union society of the Unitarian church, will hold its next meeting at the home of Mrs. Edward Brown on Trapelo road, on next Tuesday.
The committee which was appointed at the last town meeting to consider and report upon the erection of a new school-house, at the southeast end of the town, met Thursday evening and discussed the existing conditions, and adjourned to meet at a later date.
Both Belmont and Waverley are noted for the number of houses which display flowers in the windows during the winter days. Visitors have commented on this fact on a number of occasions and as a matter of fact, nothing tends to make a home brighter, especially during the bleak cold days of winter than a few flowers whispering to the sun.
The Young People's Religious Union, will hold its monthly social at the latter part of this month at the Unitarian church. After the business part of the meeting the society will be entertained with songs and instrumental music. The committee in charge of the social is made up of Jay Benton, Malcolm Hall and "Pete" Mason.
Business has been very brisk at the real estate office of Mr. Scott at Waverley the past few weeks. The following business transactions are reported from his office: Charles H. Russell of Sycamore street has bought a house of I. N. Holman of Hollis street. Samuel Alcock of Somerville has hired apartments on Lexington street. F. W. Scribner has rented an apartment on Chandler street.
Deputy D. Brewer visited Waverley Council No. 313, R. A., last Tuesday evening, and addressed the members at considerable length. After the business part of the meeting, the members enjoyed a light spread and listened to remarks from various members. The members of Waverley council are making an effort to form a degree staff in the council.
Each Sunday afternoon at the residence of the Misses Woodward, Belmont street, corner of White street, Watertown, St. Mary's school (Episcopal) gathers its Sunday school flock at half-after two. Mr. Winthrop Peabody is superintendent. At half-after three, Rev. Edward A. Rand conducts services aided by Mr. Peabody. Last Sunday, Mr. Rand spoke upon Christ's words about going up to Jerusalem, applying them to the Lenten journey to Easter. The Guild has a handsome lot fund.

HE WOULDN'T BE SNUBBED
Colonel Ochiltree Bided His Time and Carried Off the Honors.
General Grant was a great admirer of Colonel Thomas Ochiltree and made many of the men of Galveston a bit jealous. As a result they once planned an incident whereby they would humiliate Ochiltree. Grant was to stop at Galveston after his trip to South America, and the committee did not put Ochiltree's name on the list of distinguished men to meet him.
Ochiltree bided his time, as he was never known to complain, and did not go to the ship to welcome General Grant. He took a vantage point in the crowd that filled the streets in front of the Tremont House. He was behind two rows of celebrities who were doing guard duty along the edges of a crimson carpet which ran from the hotel steps to the curb. The reception committee, or part of it, was standing in the hotel door, waiting to give the general the gladstone hand.
Ochiltree watched until the general and Mrs. Grant had stepped from the carriage, and then he bulged through the line. He rushed down the crimson carpet, shook heartily the hand of his old friend and, offering his arm to Mrs. Grant, marched proudly through the rank and file of the leading citizens into the hotel. The mob outside demanded a speech from the general, and, constituting himself a committee of one, Colonel Ochiltree appeared with him in the hotel balcony and introduced Grant as one of his best, truest and bravest friends. This was the last time the men in Galveston tried to snub him at a social function.

It Made History.
Such a slight circumstance as a glass of wine changed the history of France for nearly twenty years. Louis Philippe, king of the French, had a son, the Duke of Orleans, and heir to the throne, who always drank only a certain number of glasses of wine, because even one more made him tipsy. On a memorable morning he forgot to count the number of his glasses and took one more than usual. When entering his carriage, he stumbled, frightening the horses and causing them to run. In attempting to leap from the carriage his head struck the pavement, and he soon died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans rule, confiscated their property of £200,000 and sent the whole family into exile.
Adam and the Tailor.
"This," said the guide, "is the grave of Adam."
Historic spot! With reverential awe—nay, with a feeling of deep thankfulness—the wealthy merchant tailor on his first trip to the orient drew near and cast a flower on the tomb. "Erring ancestor," he murmured, "I should be the last man on earth to revile your memory. To your sin I owe my prosperity."—Chicago Tribune.

There Was a Difference.
Socks on Buskin—How did you like my Hamlet?
Olde Stager—Oh, it was your Hamlet, was it? Well, I did not recognize it as Shakespeare's.—Brooklyn Life.
Echoes of Argument.
Dick—Do you ever get the last word with your wife?
Charles—Oh, yes, but I have to say it to myself when I get out on the street.—Detroit Free Press.

Martin Troy, deputy for Acton council R. A., will pay that council a visit at So. Acton next Tuesday evening, and on Friday evening, March 20, will also pay an official visit to Emerson council at Ayer. On both occasions he will be accompanied by other Waverley brothers, as Deputy Troy has the entire ritual committed to memory, and has been complimented by one of the grand officers for his conduct of installations.

The Bulletin reporter had the pleasure, and in fact he deemed it an honor to sit in an old arm chair that came over, (and I rather like that word over) in the Mayflower. The chair was in just as good condition as the day it landed at historic Plymouth, and no doubt gave comfort and rest to some tired and lonesome pilgrim on that bleak day in the fall of 1620. The chair is the property of Wesley G. Hall of Lexington street, Waverley, and the whole family possess many articles of more than monetary value, because of age and association. One article in addition to the old historic chair, is a picture made by hand of worsted and chenille on canvas. It represents an ancient king, with his courtiers about him, his wife at his side, while he rests upon a couch or bed dying. The picture is the work of Mrs. Hall's mother, and was done when she was a young lady at boarding school. Looking at it from a distance one would decide that it was the result of an artist's brush. Another object of interest to the reporter was a teapot in excellent condition, said to be 150 over years old.

"MAN-MADE SUPPER."
On Wednesday evening, March 18th, occurs the much advertised man-made supper and entertainment. Preparations have been made for a grand time. A supper of great excellence will be served by the men, and a splendid entertainment will follow. An orchestra will play, male quartette will sing, tenor solos, monologue and other features will enliven the evening.
Mr. Koch, of Boston, a dramatic reader of splendid recommendation, will give several choice selections. Some surprises are promised, and an evening that should be pleasant and profitable awaits the coming of the guests.
Supper at 6.30, entertainment at 8 o'clock. Tickets, 25c. Tickets for sale by men of the parish, and at Crocker's drug store.

SMOKED PEARLS.
The Town Hall was filled last Wednesday evening. From the time of the opening chorus, until the last number on the program there was not a weary moment. Every number received a cordial welcome, and every number deserved it. The program also contained some witty original remarks, such as, "Do not flirt with the Ushers," "Persons, getting more than their money's worth may pass a sufficient contribution to the end men." When the curtain was raised, it disclosed the chorus seated in semi-circle on the stage.
The "Pearls" desire to acknowledge the kindness of the following assisting artists: Mr. Carl Scramton, "Capt." Gus Pierce, Pickaninny Kavanagh.

Keeping Track of Ships.
In the course of a year more than a dozen ponderous books are filled at Lloyd's with nothing but the names of ships, their captains and the dates on which they touch and leave port. Every known vessel in the world of more than 100 tons register has its record in them, and the underwriters can easily turn to the name of any British or foreign ship and tell approximately where she is at the moment.—London Tit-Bits.
Too Stingy.
Casey—Av all the close fishted ould misers that iver Ol see Dolan's the worst.
Cassidy—Oh, 'tis the family trait wid him.
Casey—The family trait? Nonsense! Shure, he'd never trait wan man, let alone a family.—Philadelphia Press.

Vacancy Yawns For Him.
"Why don't you have a sponge to moisten your stamps?" queried the man from across the street who had dropped in to use the lawyer's telephone.
"Good idea," answered the disciple of Blackstone. "Do you want the job?"—Chicago News.
There Was a Difference.
Socks on Buskin—How did you like my Hamlet?
Olde Stager—Oh, it was your Hamlet, was it? Well, I did not recognize it as Shakespeare's.—Brooklyn Life.
Echoes of Argument.
Dick—Do you ever get the last word with your wife?
Charles—Oh, yes, but I have to say it to myself when I get out on the street.—Detroit Free Press.

ODD RUSSIAN CUSTOM.
An Annual Assembly For the Promotion of Matrimony.
In compliance with an ancient Russian custom all the young men and women of the mercantile class in St. Petersburg assemble on Whitmonday, the former to stare and the latter to be stared at. The young girls, dressed as richly as their means will allow, are arranged in long rows by the sides of the flower beds in the summer garden, with their mammas standing behind them. The wardrobes of their mothers and grandmothers are laid under contribution, and everything bright and gaudy is carefully brought forward to enrich the drapery, the headdress or the girdle.
Some of the young ladies are so covered with gold and jewelry on these occasions that their natural charms are altogether concealed; indeed the ludicrous excess to which this sort of decoration is sometimes carried goes beyond what has ever been attempted elsewhere. Thus bedizened the blushing damsels are drawn up in mute rows, while the papas, in flowing caftans and curling beards, parade their sons up and down. Here and there the papas and mammas try to lead the young folks into conversation with one another, in the course of which certain little looks and emotions may arise, pregnant with future circumstances. Eight days or so after this bridal exhibition private family meetings take place, at which those whose hearts are captivated at the grand show are more formally affianced to one another by their parents and relatives.—"Sketches of St. Petersburg."

Kindergarten and Citizenship.
The kindergarten offers a special advantage—namely, the opportunity for practice of citizenship before real civic duties present themselves. Theory is a necessary preliminary to performance, even when the doer is not sufficiently enlightened in his work to be aware that he holds a theory. But practice is the test of theory. Right here in the kindergarten our six-year-olds are unconsciously testing theories of life through problems which will arise, willy nilly, even in a child's life, as soon as that child begins to come in contact with other children. The children solve these problems for themselves. But the wise eye is upon them, the suggestive word awaits their need, the helping hand adjusts conditions and provides the material for the children to act against. The master mind of the kindergarten—for such it ought to be—permits mistakes, it is true, but at the same time it prevents the fumbling apprentice from the discouragement of the unnecessary stumble.—Guntton's Magazine.

Wonderful Things in Heredity.
It is a fact well established by students of heredity that children are apt to inherit not only the physical, mental and moral traits of their parents, but to be influenced by their age as well. Children born of young fathers and mothers never attain so vigorous a growth of mind or body as those of older men and women, while children of old people are born old.
One of the most surprising cases in medical history is that of Marguerite Cribsovna, who died in 1763, aged 108 years. When ninety-four, she was married to a man aged 105. Three children came of this union, but they had gray hair, no teeth, were stooped, yellow and wrinkled, decrepit in movement and could eat only bread and vegetables.

A Very Old Hat.
Among the treasures in the safe custody of Corpus Christi college, Oxford, is an old, old hat which was found in an Egyptian tomb and must date back at least 5,000 years.
Its simplicity of make has been its safeguard, for it has no nap or perishable trimmings, such as moths might corrupt. It is closely akin to what is now known as a panama straw hat and is of such excellent quality that it can be folded or crushed without any harm to its appearance. It is also quite as well adapted for practical use now as it was in the days of the pharaohs.

Too Stingy.
Casey—Av all the close fishted ould misers that iver Ol see Dolan's the worst.
Cassidy—Oh, 'tis the family trait wid him.
Casey—The family trait? Nonsense! Shure, he'd never trait wan man, let alone a family.—Philadelphia Press.

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Dick—Do you ever get the last word with your wife?
Charles—Oh, yes, but I have to say it to myself when I get out on the street.—Detroit Free Press.

Boston Elevated Railway Co.
SURFACE LINES.
TIME TABLE.
Subject to change without notice.
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO BOWDOIN SQ.—(via Beacon st., Somerville). 4.30, 5.09 a.m. and intervals of 8, 10, 20 and 30 minutes to 11.16 p.m. SUNDAY—7.02 a.m., and intervals of 20 and 30 minutes to 11.16 p.m. NIGHT SERVICE—To Adams Sq., 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07 a.m. ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO SUBWAY.—5.07 a.m., and intervals of 8, 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.20 p.m. (11.30 to Adams sq.) SUNDAY—6.01, 6.31 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.20 p.m. (11.30 to Adams sq.)
ARLINGTON CENTRE TO SULLIVAN SQ. TERMINAL via Broadway.—(4.30 a.m. from Clarendon Hill Station to Adams Square.) 4.38 and intervals of 10 and 15 minutes to 12.08 night. Sunday—6.06.31 a.m., and intervals of 10 and 20 minutes to 12.08 night. Via Medford Hillside, 5.05, 5.35 a.m., and 10.15 and 20 minutes to 12.05 night. SUNDAY—6.36 a.m., and intervals of 10 and 15 minutes to 12.05 night.
Waverley to Park St. Station (Subway, via Mt. Auburn St.) (3.15, 4.15 a.m. to Adams Sq.), 5.40 a.m., and intervals of 10 and 15 min. to 11.16 p.m. Sunday, 7.12 a.m. and intervals of 10 and 15 min. to 11.16 p.m.
C. S. SERGEANT,
Vice President.

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442 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington
Telephone Connection.

If You Have a Trotter
Or a pacer, a road horse, or a work horse have them shod at the
Mill St. Shoeing Forge
21 Mill St. Arlington.
If hand-made steel shoes for driving horses. Horses shod by hand and returned.
HORSE-CLIPPING A SPECIALTY.
Telephone 428-3.
First Class Work Prompt Service

ADVERTISE IN THE ENTERPRISE

SWAMI SPRAGGE

...By Ewan MacPherson

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take a mahatma to find that out—What else?"

Wickham turned red and stammered. It was borne in upon him that the final proof of Spragge's preternatural powers was much too delicately personal to be mentioned to the city editor. As for putting it into print, that was unthinkable.

The city editor sighed in weary disappointment, looked all around the room and sniffed.

Wickham went to his desk feeling that all his rosy prospects of journalistic advancement were fading; but when he reached his desk, behold, a square envelope of a delicate gray green tint! He opened it and read:

Dear Mr. Wickham—Just home from Mrs. Cowley's reception, where Alex would have me with her, and I didn't care to say what in particular urged me to shop just this afternoon.

At Mrs. C.'s something turned up that may make a good item for you. She and a lot of them are theosophists, and it seems there is a man here who gives himself out to be an English swami. But those Boer relief committee women got private warning that this Spragge is the same English detective who was watching them at Philadelphia. He is an old Indian scout service man like you read about. Two of the B. R. C. saw him on the steamboat last night. They teased me about him, because they said he was watching us and taking you to be a recruit. I was enlisting for the Boers. At Philadelphia the first thing he did was to find out all he could about newspaper men, gave his name as Southgate and let them think he was some lord in disguise looking for chances to invest money.

Can't you make something of this for the paper? He is at the Grand Circular, I think. Cordially, O. P.

P. S.—This goes by special messenger.

Wickham thought he could, and he lost no time in saying so to the city editor. And that was how it came to pass that next morning the Star had an exclusive story of Mr. Spragge—how Mr. Spragge, who had ostensibly arrived in the city the day before and registered at the Grand Circular, had really spent two days quietly at an obscure boarding house learning all he could about things not obviously his business; how he had played much the same game in at least two other big cities, all to make sure that the Boer relief committees were not shipping contrabands to the seat of war.

It was a great thing for Wickham's journalistic prospects, that story, but it hurt Spragge's career.

Breaking the Steers.

During an old home week celebration in a small town in New Hampshire there were present a learned judge from a western city, a professor from Boston and a United States senator. Grave and austere of manner, as became their age and honors, they addressed each other by the titles which belonged to their several stations. But they had been schoolmates, and when the senator told a story of school days the accumulated ice of forty years thawed in a burst of laughter, and they were John and Bill and Horace once more. The Delinquent repeats one of their stories:

"Bill, do you remember breaking the steers?" laughed Horace.

"Now that's between you and me, Horace."

"No secrets here," said John. "Out with it!"

"One summer one of Bill's steers got mired in the swamp and was killed. Bill wasn't going to miss the fun of breaking the steers, so the next winter he yoked himself up with the one that was left. I met them coming down over the crust like Sam Hill. Bill yelled between gasps: 'Stop us! Stop us! We're running away!' I cornered them in an angle of the wall. As soon as Bill got breath enough he said, 'For goodness' sake, Horace, unyoke the other steer!'"

The Planet Mercury.

Though Mercury is one of the smallest of the planets, it is perhaps the most troublesome to the astronomer. It lies so close to the sun that it is seen but seldom in comparison with the other great planets. Its orbit is very eccentric, and it experiences disturbances by the attraction of other bodies in a way not yet fully understood. A special difficulty has also been found in the attempt to place Mercury in the weighing scales. We can weigh the whole earth, we can weigh the sun, the moon and even Jupiter and other planets, but Mercury presents difficulties of a peculiar character. Le Verrier, however, succeeded in devising a method of weighing it.

He demonstrated that our earth is attracted by this planet, and he showed how the amount of attraction may be disclosed by observations of the sun, so that from an examination of the observations he made an approximate determination of the mass of Mercury. Le Verrier's result indicated that the weight of the planet was about the fifteenth part of the weight of the earth. In other words, if our earth was placed in a balance and fifteen globes, each equal to Mercury, were laid in the other the scales would hang evenly.—"Story of the Heavens."

An Answer For Gough.

John B. Gough, the famous temperance writer, was once in a New England town lecturing and after painting the tavern as a place of contamination even for the abstainer asked:

"Don't you all agree with me, friends, that there is no place a man should go and of which he should tell his mother and sisters unless he might take them too there? Should there be any such place?"

"Oh, y-e-s!" came drawlingly from a rear seat.

The audience was aroused from its spell of admiration for the orator and turned to look at the voice in the rear. Gough smiled as though he thought no discussion possible and blandly asked:

"Where, friend, would you go telling mother and sisters, but refusing to take them?"

"The barber's," was the laconic reply.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

He Showed the Widow Why It Was Too Late to Mourn.

After the ship which had come from New Zealand was tied up at the wharf Larry O'Brien was told off by his shipmates to call upon Mrs. McCarthy and break the news of the death of her husband, which had occurred on shipboard the preceding summer. The Brooklyn Eagle tells how he did it:

"Good morning, Mrs. McCarthy," said he. "Is Denny in?"

"Denny?" said the surprised woman. "My Denny? No, he's not in. Is the ship here?"

"Sure it is. And Denny's not got home yet? That's queer—unless something has happened here."

"What would happen here?" Mrs. McCarthy asked anxiously.

"There's plenty of things can happen a man," said Larry delicately. "He might have got hurt or he might have taken sick with the fever. But there's one comfort, as Father McGinnis said once, and that is that time heals every grief."

"What do you mean, Mr. O'Brien?"

"I mean that if anything happened to Denny you wouldn't feel as bad about it a few months after it happened as you would right at the time, would you?"

"I suppose not," said Mrs. McCarthy. "I mind when I lost me first husband I thought I'd never get over it. But, as you say, in a few months it was easier to bear."

"Then, Mrs. McCarthy, you'll be glad to know that it's now four months—nearly five—since Denny died. Sure, it can't grieve you now as much as it would if you'd known it at the time."

Spain's Migratory Sheep.

There are about 10,000,000 migratory sheep in Spain, which each year travel as much as 200 miles from the plains to the mountains. They are known as transhumantes, and their march, resting places and behavior are governed by special regulations, dating from the fourteenth century. At certain times no one may travel the same route as the sheep, which have the right to graze on all open and common land on the way. For this purpose a road ninety yards wide must be left on all enclosed and private property. The shepherds lead their flocks, which follow after and around. The flocks are accompanied by provision mules and by large dogs to guard against wolves. The merino sheep travel 400 miles to the mountains, and the total time spent on the migration there and back is fourteen weeks.

Bribery in Elections.

Bribery in elections is an ancient if not an honorable custom. This is shown in the case of Shrewsbury, England. An extract from Parry's "Parliaments and Councils of England" of a case of bribery, with its punishment, in 1571 shows how long the pernicious custom has been in practice: "Thomas Long, a very simple man and unfit to serve, is questioned how he came to be elected. He confesses that he gave the mayor of Westbury and another £4 for his place. They are ordered to repay this sum, and a fine of £20 is to be assessed on the corporation and inhabitants of Westbury for their scandalous attempt." One can imagine the indignation of those inhabitants of Shrewsbury who received no bribe having to pay a fine for those who did.

Queer Looking Worms.

New Zealand, Australia, the Samoan and the Solomon Islands, as well as portions of the Hawaiian group, are the homes of various species of worms with thick, heavy bodies and with a well defined neck connecting the body with a head that is a startling reminder of that of the monkey. In the Sandwich Islands they are called "me-ta-lu-ki," which means "creeper with a child's head." An old New Zealand legend says that at one time they were of immense proportions and threatened the extinction of all human life on the islands.

Prudence and Prevention.

The following quaintly worded notice is posted outside the offices of one of the street car companies of Paris: "We beg to inform burglars that we do not leave money or valuables in any of our depots during the night. You are requested to make known this fact among the confraternity, so as to avoid unnecessary trouble and loss of time." The newspaper which publishes the above adds, "Prudence and prevention are the two mothers of safety."

A Natural Mistake.

He had recited to his class the story of Abraham entertaining angels unaware. Feeling that the children might not know the meaning of the word "unaware," he asked them if they did. One little hand went up promptly, and the smallest girl in the class said:

"The thing you wear next your skin."

—Harper's Magazine.

A Prejudiced Deduction.

Waggsby—So De Wrytser says he wrote ninety-nine poems last year, does he?

Naggsby—I understood him to say "better than a hundred."

Waggsby—That's what I meant by ninety-nine. I've read his poems.—Baltimore American.

Retort.

Husband (irritably)—It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in heaven, and yet you order me around as if I wasn't anybody.

Wife (calmly)—Order is heaven's first law.—New York Weekly.

You will find that the mere resolve to be useless and the honest desire to help other people will, in the quickest and most delicate ways, also improve yourself.

RELIGION IN CHINA.

There Are Three State Systems, Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism.

In theory Confucianism is the religion of the state. The state officials are the literati who have secured their positions through the study of the classics—i. e., the "Sacred Writings of Confucius." The Confucianist temples are protected and honored by the state, and the worship of Confucius is carried on at the expense of the state. In a limited sense, too, Buddhism can also claim to be a state religion. The same is also true of Taoism, since deceased generals and statesmen are assigned their corresponding ranks with the Taoistic king of the lower world in hades. In this role they are worshiped in Taoistic temples. In this way it is possible for a Chinaman to make use of all three religions without getting into conflict with the distinctive principles of any of them. Their officials worship together. In funeral services monks of both orders are found performing functions on different days.

The public temples are usually in control of the Taoists, but sometimes are in charge of Buddhists. Not rarely Taoistic gods are found in Buddhist temples and vice versa. Sometimes they differ only in name. The Buddhist goddess of mercy is the Taoist goddess of heaven. The pearl king of the Taoists is the imperial ruler of the Buddhists. Both systems teach the same ten precepts in hades, and even a reproduction of the Buddhist punishment in hell is found in the Taoist temples.

A Powerful River.

"Should one be asked at random to name the most powerful river in New England—that is, the river yielding the most water power and doing the most work—he would be likely to name the Merrimack," said M. S. Edgar of Portland, Me. "He would have in mind the great manufacturing city of Lowell, and the answer would be a natural one. It is surprising, therefore, to be told by the United States geological survey that the most powerful river in New England is the Androscoggin. Yet the surprise abates when the facts are recounted. There are nine or ten developed water powers along the river, and it appears that they furnish total power equal to 73,000 horses. The falls at Brunswick yield 7,700 horsepower; at Lisbon Falls, 1,925; at Lewiston, 12,600; at Livermore Falls, 3,000; at Otis Falls, 8,000; at Jay's, 3,700; at Peterson's Rips, 6,000. At Rumford Falls there is a potential of 30,000 horsepower when the resources at that place are fully developed, and that is altogether the greatest water power in New England."—Washington Times.

Cheese Dishes.

Cheese is one of the most concentrated forms of nitrogenous food and as a food well adapted to the laboring man or those working in the open air. When properly cooked, cheese is probably more easily assimilated by the ordinary stomach than eaten raw, and hard, uncooked cheese should be served grated. In combination with certain food materials cheese is valuable, but when used in this way should form the staple dish of the meal. Macaroni and cheese, rice cooked in stock and then baked with cheese or cooked with it, as in the form of risotto, should be used in the place of meat. An ordinary dinner menu of meat, potato, macaroni and cheese is not properly arranged. Macaroni and cheese should be used for a luncheon dish, and a green vegetable should be served with meat and potato.

Would Try to Prevent It.

"What a fine little fellow," said the patronizing old gentleman who had been elected representative for four successive terms from his congressional district. His remark was addressed to a kind hearted lady holding in her arms a little fellow who blinked gravely at all that was going on.

"Yes," replied the lady. "His father and I set a great deal of store by him."

"Well, he's a bright looking little fellow. Maybe he'll be a congressman some day."

"Maybe he will," said the mother. "But," she added earnestly, "I'm going to do my best to raise him right."—Youth.

Ancient Proofreading.

The editions of books printed 200 or 300 years ago are almost entirely free from typographical errors, which may be attributed to the fact that early publishers were generally eminent scholars, and themselves gave much attention to the revision of their proofs. After reading the proofs they frequently turned them over to other scholars with the request to revise and correct, and as the printer's time was then deemed a matter of small consequence a perfection was attained which is seldom equaled by modern printers.

Two Courses Open.

Bonaventure de Fourcroy, a clever society poet of the seventeenth century, a splendid orator, an eminent advocate and an intimate friend of Moliere to boot, on being asked one day by a magistrate what he meant to do with his son replied, "If there is anything in him I'll make him a barrister; if not I'll make him a judge."

He's Still a Bachelor.

It was at a social. The young woman said on starting home that she needed something more around her. The young man borrowed a shawl. He is still a bachelor. She is now the ma of four interesting children.—Richmond Missourian.

Blighted Earthly Hopes.

If you want a boy baby, don't let the stork know it, or it will bring a girl. You will find, by the way, that some influence similar to the stork's has followed you in all your desires.—Athloun Globe.

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TWENTY-ONE ASSOCIATES DANCE.

ENJOYABLE PARTY IN ASSOCIATES HALL SATURDAY EVENING.

Friends of the Twenty-One Associates enjoyed themselves decidedly at the third and last dancing party given by this organization in their hall in Associates' building last Saturday evening. It was by far the largest and best of the series. Every one entered into the spirit of the evening. The quadrille, virginia reel and other square figures so rarely danced in these days in Arlington were participated in a way that made one wish that the round dances had not almost entirely superseded them in the parties of today. Custer's orchestra of six pieces rendered the best of music and during the intermission an elaborate spread of ices was partaken of, while orange punch was on "tap" throughout the evening.

The committee having the affair in charge were Messrs. H. A. Phinney, C. A. Dennett, John H. Hardy, George I. Doe and E. S. Farmer.

AMONG THE BOWLERS.

Outside the house tournament all Arlington's bowling interests are centered in the Mystic Valley candle pin league in which Arlington Boat club holds (at the beginning of the week) first place by a margin of four games. Medford is second. Cole of Medford is first in individual averages, while Gray of A. B. C. is seventh.

Last night Arlington rolled Towanda on the latter's alleys.

SPANISH WAR VETERANS.

The young men of Lexington are alive to the fact, that Lexington and her neighbor and patriotic sister town, Concord, should have a camp of Spanish war veterans, and to this end the following letter has been given to the Enterprise, with the request that it be given the widest circulation.

"The Spanish war veterans will be pleased to learn, that there is considerable talk of forming a camp of the legion, to cover Concord, Lexington and vicinity. It is earnestly hoped that all veterans of the Spanish war, will be interested enough to enroll their names as charter members.

As there are not many men in this section, who took part in the late trouble with old Spain, it must be realized, that in order to form a camp of respectable size, it will be necessary to have the assistance of every man in this neighborhood who is eligible to membership. Let all who a few years ago, emulated the example of the farmers of Lexington, and Concord, and old Montonomy, and resented the sinking of the Maine, by the offer of their lives to maintain the integrity of the stars and stripes, see to it, that Lexington has a camp of the legion of Spanish war veterans. Anyone interested in the formation of such an organization, will please address E. D. McDonald, East Lexington, and full information will be furnished.

MISS LOCKHART'S SONG RECITAL.

Last Wednesday evening Miss Grace Lockhart made her debut into Arlington musical society with a song recital in Association hall, in which she was assisted by Mrs. Barton Jenks, reader. The social element of the town was well represented, and the audience completely filled the hall which proved none too large for the occasion. Miss Lockhart has studied under various teachers and has a sweet, soprano voice, of which she has perfect control. She has already made a successful beginning in vocal work for which she is well fitted. She has cultivated taste and keen intellectual power that guide her correctly in the selections and handling of material. She presented a pretty, unassuming appearance on the platform, and her selections were artistically rendered, and duly appreciated. Mrs. Barton Jenks gave two very pleasing recitations which were greatly enjoyed. Miss Lockhart was accompanied on the piano by her sister, Miss Nellie Lockhart.

HIGH GRADE SHOES

NEW TEMPLE PLACE STORE.

Fred L. Jones, Charles H. Peterson, George A. Newhall (all formerly with Thayer, McNeill & Hodgkins) and George W. Rockwood will open a High Class Shoe Store, at 48-50 Temple Place, the latter part of March—exact date will be announced in the Boston papers.

JONES, PETERSON & NEWHALL CO.

Medium and high grade shoes for Men, Women and children will be handled exclusively. The store will have every modern convenience. We bespeak your patronage.

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A failure to notify a discontinuance at the end of the term subscribed for, will be considered a wish to continue the paper.

Any person sending us five new cash subscribers for one year will be entitled to the Enterprise for one year, for his trouble.

Advertisers and others will please take notice that we go to press regularly every Wednesday afternoon and cannot insure the insertion of long communications after Tuesday noon.

Communications for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Notices of local entertainments to which admission is charged must be paid for at regular rates.

LEXINGTON

THE LEXINGTON OF THE FUTURE.

There probably is not a schoolboy in New England, and we trust not very large number in the United States, who has not heard of Lexington, Massachusetts. One might visit any school in the average New England town and find a dozen children, ready and willing to tell the tale of Lexington and the Minute Men, or the story of Concord and

"The rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled;
Here the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

This is indeed true, and at the same time it is still a fact that thousands of people who live within ten miles of this historic old town, have never paid Lexington a visit. This is not because the people who have so failed lack anything in patriotism or veneration for the sacred places which have made Lexington a household word, not only in America, but in every land where people are striving to be free, and who cherish her story even more earnestly than do the people who today enjoy the direct benefits of the sacrifices of the men of '75. As we said, this is not for want of love of country, but rather because Lexington until within a few years, lacked adequate railroad accommodations that would make it easy of access for people who had but scant time, to pay a visit to the Mecca of all lovers of liberty.

But today things are materially changed, and no town hereabouts has any better railroad facilities, or a more comfortable line of electric cars, running upon schedule time, and making good connections with all surrounding points. Now what is going to be the natural result of this increased, and gradually to be improved method of accommodation. Simply this, that Lexington is bound to grow in population and wealth. She has ample territory, in fact a great deal larger extent of acres of land than towns of three times her population, and this land is of a most inviting character for building purposes.

A great, very great portion of it is high and dry, but by no means of that hilly nature, that makes it laborious to climb for foot travelers, or difficult for teams to reach. A large part of the land that sooner or later is bound to come upon the market, is level, and the soil is dry, and of a kind that makes the very best foundation, and as the roads in Lexington compare favorably with those of any of the neighboring towns, there is nothing to stop the star of progress, which is gradually but surely, forcing itself from the city to the green fields and pure and wholesome air of the suburbs. But now we come to the greatest factor in American civilization, the public school, and its influence in building up a community, and inviting desirable residents to become citizens.

Give a town good schools and good roads, and you have put a premium upon good citizenship, and we are proud to say that Lexington possesses both of these necessary adjuncts, to accomplish that purpose. The schools of Lexington are among the best in the state, and the interest taken in the last election is ample evidence that her citizens are bound to keep them in the front rank.

We are firm believers in a low tax rate, but at the same time we heartily endorse one of the speakers at the recent meeting held at the Old Belfry club, when he said that school teachers were not paid enough salary, and also that they were required to teach too many pupils in one class. This is a matter that time will remedy, and no citizen of Lexington, no matter how humble, will begrudge the money spent for any improvement, especially school improvements, when that money is judiciously expended.

In conclusion, Lexington possesses all the necessary attributes of a large and prosperous town; it has plenty of good land available for building sites; it enjoys railroad accommodations unsurpassed by any of its neighbors, and as fast as the demand increases, the facilities for transportation will meet the demand; she possesses excellent schools and good roads over which the children may travel to and from school, and last but by no means least, the topography of the country is such that we cannot visit here without becoming impressed with its beauty. No license will never be a seriously disputed question in Lexington, this town is a temperance town for all time, and with all these advantages in her favor, with the prospect of thousands upon thousands of visitors to the town as the years go on, who can for a moment doubt that the Lexington of the future, will be as the Lexington of the past has been, a town to be proud of, and a place worthy the boast of every patriotic citizen.

GRADE CROSSINGS.

The day is not far distant when not only Lexington, but every town that has a railroad crossing at grade, will see them entirely done away with, and the public roads made safe for travel. The time is at hand for Lexington citizens to consider this most important matter of grade crossings, and together with both the steam railroads, and the electric car line, try to adopt a plan that would benefit all concerned, and at the same time work the least possible hardship, on any one party to the improvement. We have given this matter some little consideration, and do not hesitate to say, that when grade crossings are a thing of the past, and this one of the improvements that is bound to come, that the best plan for all concerned and more particularly for the town, will be to lower the steam railroad tracks, instead of elevating them. We are firm in the belief, that this will be the best and cheapest plan for the town, and to the town we owe our first duty. In addition to the questions of safety and expense, the lowering of the tracks will not mar the beauty of the town in the least degree. In saying this we have in mind the city of Newton, where a few years ago this question was discussed in all its phases, and as a result of this discussion, the consensus of opinion, was in favor of placing the tracks of the steam railroad below the level of the streets in that city. That this settlement of the question was the proper one, and justified the judgment of the commissioners, can easily be verified by looking over the situation. The noise of trains has been reduced to a minimum, unsightly crossings, with their cumbersome gates, have given place to well built and attractive iron bridges, and the safety of the public made almost secure. The conditions in Lexington decidedly favor lowering the tracks, and we will cite one street in particular, as we believe this street is destined to become only second to Massachusetts avenue, as a thoroughfare for travel, if in fact it does not equal the avenue in importance. We refer to Bedford street, the direct line between Boston and Lowell, and one of the best patronized lines in this town.

The street just before it meets the crossing of the Boston and Maine railroad, descends to that point and after the track is passed, again rises. By lowering the steam railroad tracks at this point, the grade crossing can be done away with without materially affecting the street, and the electric line, instead of making detour through a swamp, to the great disadvantage of the public, could then proceed over a bridge, and along the street, where the public intended it should go, when the franchise is granted.

A matter of no small importance in the discussion of this question, is the greatly increased travel which is bound to follow the opening of Lexington Park this summer. This place of amusement is bound to become one of the most popular of any amusement place outside of Boston, and we venture the prediction that the capacity of the electric line, will be taxed to its utmost resources, in its endeavor to accommodate the traveling public. At the same time, the widening of Bedford street, is no iridescent dream, and the people of No. Lexington, while apparently resting on their oars, are fully alive to its importance, both as a means of opening up the adjacent country, as well as accommodating summer travel. It is none to soon to begin consideration of the matter of grade crossings, and as we believe that such a condition of things, would be a desirable proposition, for both lines of railroads, and also for the town, and as we are also of the opinion the grade crossings are bound to go, and that at no distant date, we place ourselves unqualifiedly in favor of lowering the steam railroad tracks, as the best, safest, and least expensive manner of solving the question for the town, and all concerned.

FLYING MACHINE.

A short time ago one of Lexington's many literary ladies, read a paper on Colonial Industries, before the Historical society, and in it she brought out the fact, that Lexington years ago was no unimportant factor in the industrial world. But it remains for our own day to chronicle an industry, that the daily papers would lead us to believe, was monopolized in foreign countries. There is in East Lexington, to be exact, there is located in the old pumping station, a lot of machinery, which for the past nine months, under the skillful manipulation of a young inventor, has been turning out the various parts of a flying machine. The man's name is Charles H. Hoffman, and he is scarcely thirty years of age, indeed he might easily pass for a youth of twenty-five. In manner he is quiet and reserved, but when one enters into the discussion of models and mechanism, his brown eye lights up, and he becomes all animation.

Mr. Hoffman is a born inventor, and when about fourteen years old, had succeeded in building a machine that would travel through the air for about twenty feet. He has succeeded in placing upon the market a number of inventions, but for years he has had a desire to construct a flying machine, that would be of commercial value. With this end in view he sought the quiet precincts of Lexington, and was fortunate in securing a place so well adapted to his needs, as is the old pumping station.

Here ever since last June, day in and day out, sometimes long into the night, the young inventor has worked with tireless energy to secure the result of a practical day dream. Mr. Hoffman's machine, although not exposed to any eye but his own, is well along toward completion, but with his natural modesty, the young inventor declines to say, just when he expects to have it finished. However, he gave the following facts to a reporter of the Enterprise, in regard to its construction:

The machine is of the bird shape style, with two wings measuring 30 feet when raised or spread, and is 18 feet in length. The power to drive the machine is procured from a propeller of Mr. Hoffman's own invention, and will be run by a gasoline engine. The weight of the machine will be less than three hundred pounds, and is intended to carry one person. The present model is the result of two year's patient work, although as before stated, Mr. Hoffman conceived the idea of a flying machine, some years before. This machine is built upon what is known as the Aerocurve system, and to this system the inventor pins his faith.

We sincerely hope that the young inventor may be successful, and that Lexington will have the distinction of being the birthplace of a practical flying machine, added to her other honors.

MRS. GARDNER'S PALACE ILLUSTRATED.

The famous palace of Mrs. John L. Gardner of Boston, which has been for the past year a sealed book to the public, was opened recently to a limited number. Photographers were absolutely prohibited, except in the case of Mr. Thomas E. Marr, the foremost photographer of the country, who, at Mrs. Gardner's request, has photographed the interior of the palace. These photographs have been secured by the Boston Herald, and by permission of Mrs. Gardner, will be published in the Sunday edition of March 22. The remarkable excellence of the work of the Boston Herald will insure the best possible results, and readers of the Herald will be given a pictorial treat of rare quality. Of course, these photographs will be given a pictorial treat of rare quality. Of course, these photographs will be presented as the central double-page feature of the magazine section, now recognized as the greatest newspaper achievement of the times.

A Flight of Birds.

A flight of birds changed the history of America under the following circumstances: When Columbus sailed westward over the unknown Atlantic, he expected to reach Zipangu (Japan). After several days' sail from Gomera, one of the Canary Islands, he became uneasy at not discovering Zipangu, which, according to his reckoning, should have been 216 nautical miles more to the east. After a long discussion he yielded to the opinion of Martin Alonso Pinzon, the commander of the Pinta, and steered to the southwest. Pinzon was guided in his opinion by a flight of parrots toward the southwest. The effect of this change in his course curiously exemplifies the influence of apparently trivial events in the world's affairs. Had Columbus kept his original route he would have entered the gulf stream, reached the coast of Florida and then probably been carried to Cape Hatteras and Virginia. The result would probably have been to give the present United States a Roman Catholic Spanish population instead of a Protestant English one, a circumstance of immeasurable importance. "Never," wrote Humboldt, "had the flight of birds more important consequences." It may be said to have determined the first settlements on the new continent and its distribution between the Latin and Germanic races.—Exchange.

What's In a Name?

One summer a distinguished member of the French academy rented a cottage in Savoy, and when the time came for his return to Paris he went to say farewell to the owner of the cottage, a prosperous farmer's wife.

"I hope you will write your name in my album before you go," she said.

"With pleasure," he replied, and, taking a pen, he wrote his name in the book.

"Thanks," she said, "but won't you please tell me your profession, so that I can write it after your name?"

"Oh, put down 'landowner,'" he answered.

"But that isn't a profession," she said.

"Well, then, put down 'academicien,'" was his answer.

These words seemed to puzzle her, and therefore he asked with a smile, "Don't you know what an academicien is?"

"No, not quite," she answered, "but it's such a long word that the profession must be a splendid one."

Not According to Shakespeare.

A negro amateur dramatic society was attempting to give a performance of "Othello." In the scene where Othello demands a handkerchief from Desdemona there was a startling interruption from one of the audience. When the time came for the scene, the negro who was playing, the part of Othello bawled out, "Desdemonie, gib me dat han'kerchief!"

No reply.

"Desdemonie, I say gib me dat han'kerchief!"

Still silence.

"Desdemonie, foh de third time, gib me dat han'kerchief!"

But she wouldn't do it.

Thereupon an old negro among the spectators, tired of the apparent slowness, spoke up and said, "Ah, wipe yo' nose on yo' cote sleeve, nigguh, an' let de show go on!"—New York Tribune.

Phenomena Allied to Lightning.

Subterranean thunders have occasionally been heard preparatory to an aerial eruption. The sea has cast up volumes of water, as if volcanoes were exploding below. The ground has burst open, and floods of water have gushed forth from the sides of hills or from fissures in the rocks. Taking another class of effects, cures have been performed by lightning—gouty men have been enabled to walk freely, epileptic persons have been healed, amaurosis has been removed and rheumatism dispelled by a flash. But one dare not look too closely into the subject of medical electricity nor venture to recommend any one to tempt lightning in the hope of experiencing its curative effects.—Chambers' Journal.

Clean out all the waste matter that heavy winter eating has left in your body and tone up your system by a course of Ramon's Liver Pills & Tonic Pellets. These are the best spring medicines. 25c. Brown Manufacturing Co., Greenville, Tennessee.

The school board has decided to close the schools for the spring vacation on Wednesday, March 26, and reopen them on Tuesday, March 31.

TWO OBLIGING MEN.

Each Was the Victim in a Street Car Race Transaction.

It was in a Boston street car. When the car stopped at a crossing, a lady got up and went to the door. As she rose there was the clink of a coin on the floor, but before it occurred to any one to stop her she was out of the car and across the street. Two ladies who had sat next to her looked with anxious indifference on the floor. One of them leaned slightly forward, but said nothing. Just as the conductor was reaching for the bell rope a young man spied the coin and dashed out of the car. He caught the lady who had left the car, handed her the coin, ran back, caught the step of the car as the motors began to sing in crescendo and sat down breathless. One of the two ladies opposite him leaned forward and said coldly, "Young man, what did you do with the nickel I dropped?" The passengers tittered. An old man at the other end of the car turned to his neighbor. "That reminds me," he said, "of something that happened to my wife years ago."

"It was before the days of conductors, when we used to drop our nickels into a slot, and they ran down a groove to the box behind the driver."

"My wife had started out with a little change and one of those troublesome five dollar goldpieces which used to be more commonly in circulation than they are now. Her eyes were not good, and so she was nervous about her goldpiece and had it on her mind all the way downtown."

"When she took a car for home, she met a friend and grew interested in conversation with her. She put her coin in the slot absently. The driver turned as it struck the box. You remember the coin fell into a glass compartment first, and then the driver pushed a lever which sent it into the strong box below."

"As my wife heard the click of the lever she thought of her five dollar goldpiece. She looked in her purse. Sure enough, it was gone. She went forward and spoke to the driver. He said he hadn't looked very carefully, but he thought there were only three nickels in the glass receptacle when he pushed the lever."

"My wife insisted. The driver said if she would ride to the end of the line the cashier at the station would open the box. This meant a journey of two miles beyond our street, and my wife was in a hurry."

"An old gentleman who sat by the door said he was going to the end of the line and offered to give her \$4.95 cents and get the goldpiece at the station. My wife thanked him and took the money. When she got home, she found the five dollar goldpiece in the lining of her purse."

"Next day I went to the station. The cashier said an old gentleman had made him open the box. There was no goldpiece. The old gentleman had left in a rage, refusing to give his name. He said he had been swindled and did not want to be known for a fool."

"We advertised in the papers, but we never heard from him."—Youth's Companion.

Animal Worship Among the Hebrews.

The Old Testament records show, notwithstanding the various revisions through which these venerable books have passed, many indications of animal worship among the Israelites, which must have lasted for ages before the prohibition inculcated in the second line of the Decalogue was formulated. At a comparatively late date "Jehovah was worshiped under the popular symbol of a bull, while the twelve oxen upholding the laver in Solomon's temple, as well as the horns adorning the altar, were drawn from the prevalent bull worship."

Modern research has also proved that the cherubim were represented in the form of winged bulls. M. Lenormant in his famous book on the "Beginnings of History" says that during the time of the kings and prophets "most assuredly the cherubim, as there described, are animals."

A Fighting Bishop.

On one occasion Bishop Selwyn was going down the river Waikato with a Maori when the latter, who was very lazy, left off paddling the canoe, at the same time muttering that if Selwyn were not a bishop he would—well, "go for him." In a moment the bishop told the man to turn the canoe ashore, where, stripping himself of everything episcopal, he said, pointing to his robes, etc: "The bishop lies there; the man is here. I am quite ready; come on." The Maori did not "come on" however, but quietly resumed his work without another murmur.—London Tit-Bits.

New York Sheriff.

The reason why the sheriff of New York cannot be elected to two successive terms is this: It is the sheriff's duty to carry out the process of courts against official delinquents during trial and after conviction. Should a sheriff endeavor forcibly to hold over for a second time after having been defeated for re-election he would be the instrument of the court's process against himself, a paradoxical position which the law avoids by making him ineligible for re-election.

Slow.

Wabash—How long did it take you to do that picture?

French Artist (proudly)—I am on-gage upon eet for seex months!

Wabash—Just as I thought. You're dead slow over here. Why, I've saw fellers in Chicago turnin' them things out while ye wait.—Philadelphia Press.

Things look dim to old folks. They need have some young eyes about 'em to let 'em know the world's the same as it used to be.

ANATOMY OF AN OYSTER.

The Bivalve's Organs Are Numerous and Its Heart Quite Humanlike.

Every oyster has a mouth, heart, a liver, a stomach, besides many curious devices little intestines and other organs—necessary organs, such as would be handy to a living, moving, intelligent creature. The mouth is at the end of the shell, near the hinge and adjoining the toothed portion of the oyster's pearly covering. This tiny little apology of a mouth is oval in shape, and, although hardly visible to one unused to making such anatomical examinations, it can be easily discovered by gently pushing a bodkin or a piece of blunt, smooth wire along the surface of the locality mentioned.

When the mouth is at last located, you can thrust your instrument through between the delicate lips and a considerable distance toward the stomach without causing the oyster the least pain whatever. From this mouth there is of course a miniature canal leading to the stomach. Food passes from this canal to the stomach and from the latter organ into the intestines just as readily as though the little bivalve were as large as an elephant or a rhinoceros.

Remove the shell (this operation is rather rough on the oyster, but can be done in a comparatively painless manner by an expert), and you will see the crescent, which lies just over the so called heart. This half moon space is the oyster's pericardium. Within is the true heart, the pulsations of which can be readily seen without the aid of a glass. The heart is very humanlike, made of two parts, one of which receives the blood from the gills through a network of real blood vessels; the other portion contracts and drives the blood out through the body. The other organs of an oyster's anatomy are all in their proper places and perform their several functions.

THE AMERICAN SAILOR.

He Works and Plays Hard and Spins Great Yarns.

The sailor's life is not altogether one of hard work, and on the whole he has a very good time. Dancing, gymnastics, fencing, boxing and boat racing fill his leisure hours. His natural fondness for pets is proverbial, and there are few ships without a mascot, be it a goat, dog or Dennis the pig, which serves to lighten the hours of the dull watches at sea. Many stories are told of the prowess of ships' pets at night on the fore-castle, when the hammocks are down and the pipes lighted. One man spins a yarn of a cat that was born in an old boiler, cruised 50,000 miles in one ship, established a great reputation as a fighter in all parts of the world and finally ended his adventurous career on the coral reefs of Samoa, says a writer in the World's Work. Another tells of a monkey without ears or tail, with which he sailed in the China seas, whose fondness for liquid paint produced periodical attacks of blindness. There is a story of a dissipated dog who never lost an opportunity to get drunk and who always recognized the bugle call for the gig and invariably ran to the gangway when it sounded to go ashore with the captain. But the best of all is the one of the pet bear who chased a young officer up the mizzen rigging. Fortunately indeed is the animal that falls into the hands of a sailor. "The sailor man has his vagaries," once said the bishop of Shanghai over the coffin of a sailor who had taken his own life, "but he is the tenderest hearted creature into which God ever breathed the breath of life."

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BOSTON & MAINE TIME TABLE

Winter Arrangement.
IN EFFECT OCTOBER 13 1902.

TO BOSTON.

Lexington—5:40, 5:56, 6:26, 6:56, 7:26, 7:56, 8:21, 8:48, 10:23, a. m.; 12:09, 1:00, 2:09, 3:45, 4:15, 4:39, 5:10, 6:36, 8:09, 9:09, 10:09, p. m. Sunday, 9:14, a. m. 4:35 p. m.

Arlington Heights—5:48, 6:05, 6:35, 7:04, 7:34, 8:04, 8:37, 10:32 a. m. 12:18, 1:10, 2:18, 3:54, 4:23, 4:45, 5:19, 6:47, 8:18, 9:18, 10:18 p. m. Sunday 9:24 a. m. 4:35 p. m.

Brattle—5:50, 6:08, 6:38, 7:06, 8:06, 8:56, 10:56 a. m.; 12:20, 1:12, 2:20, 3:56, 4:48, 5:21, 6:50, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20 p. m. Sundays, 9:27 a. m. 4:39 p. m.

Arlington—5:53, 6:12, 6:42, 7:09, 7:12, 7:39, 7:45, 7:56, 8:09, 8:16, 8:41, 9:00, 10:37 a. m. 12:23, 1:15, 2:33, 3:59, 4:27, 4:51, 5:24, 5:53, 6:22, 6:53, 6:56, 7:13, 8:23, 9:23, 10:23, p. m. Sundays, 9:30 a. m. 4:46 p. m.

Lake Street—5:55, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:46, 7:56, 8:19, 9:03, 10:39, a. m.; 12:25, 1:17, 2:25, 3:57, 4:27, 4:51, 5:27, 5:56, 6:24, 6:59, 7:18, 8:25, 9:25, 10:25, p. m. Sundays, 9:32 a. m.; 4:43, p. m.

FROM BOSTON.

Lexington—7:17, 8:17, 9:09, 10:17, 11:17, a. m.; 12:17, 1:47, 2:47, 3:47, 4:17, 4:47, 5:17, 5:47, 6:17, 7:04, 7:56, 9:15, 10:30, 11:30, p. m. Sunday, 12:50, 6:00 p. m.

Arlington Heights—7:17, 8:17, 9:09, 10:17, 11:17, a. m.; 12:17, 1:47, 2:47, 3:47, 4:17, 4:47, 5:17, 5:47, 6:17, 7:04, 7:56, 9:15, 10:30, 11:30, p. m. Sunday, 12:50, 6:00 p. m.

Brattle—7:17, 8:17, 9:09, 10:17, a. m.; 12:17, 1:47, 2:47, 3:47, 4:17, 4:47, 5:17, 5:47, 6:17, 7:04, 7:56, 9:15, 10:30, 11:30, p. m. Sunday, 12:50, 6:00 p. m.

Arlington—6:42, 7:00, 7:17, 7:39, 7:46, 8:17, 9:09, 10:17, 11:17, a. m.; 12:17, 1:47, 2:47, 3:47, 4:17, 4:47, 5:17, 5:47, 6:17, 7:04, 7:56, 9:15, 10:30, 11:30, p. m. Sunday, 12:50, 6:00 p. m.

Lake Street—7:17, 8:17, 9:09, 10:17, 11:17 a. m. 12:17, 1:47, 2:47, 3:47, 4:17, 4:47, 5:17, 5:47, 6:17, 7:04, 7:56, 9:15, 10:30, 11:30, p. m. Sunday, 12:50, 6:00 p. m.

*Train stops only on signal, or to leave passengers on notice to the conductor.

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General Pass. and Ticket Agent.

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